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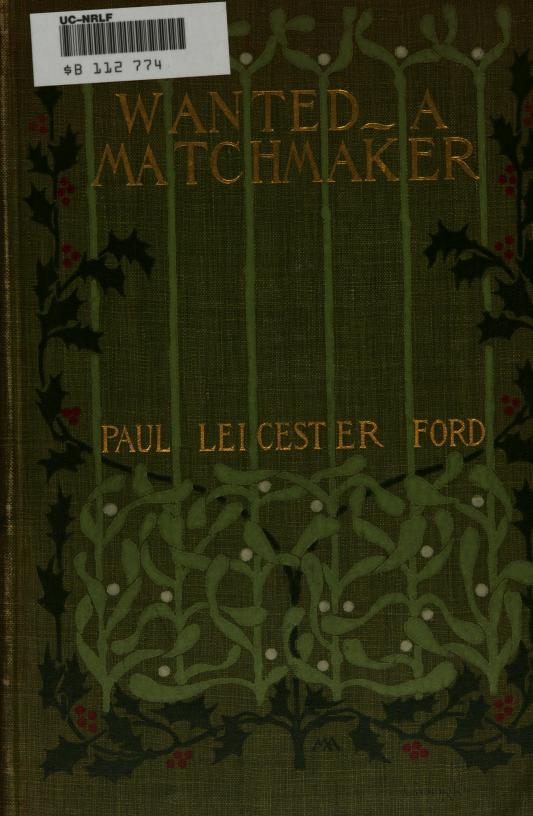
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IN MEMORY OF

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""W

<sup>&</sup>quot;'Why, Swot,' cried Constance, 'nobody is going to kill you.'"







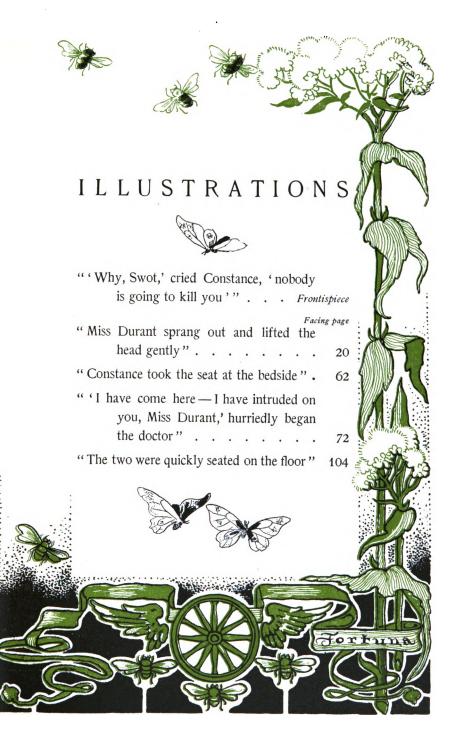
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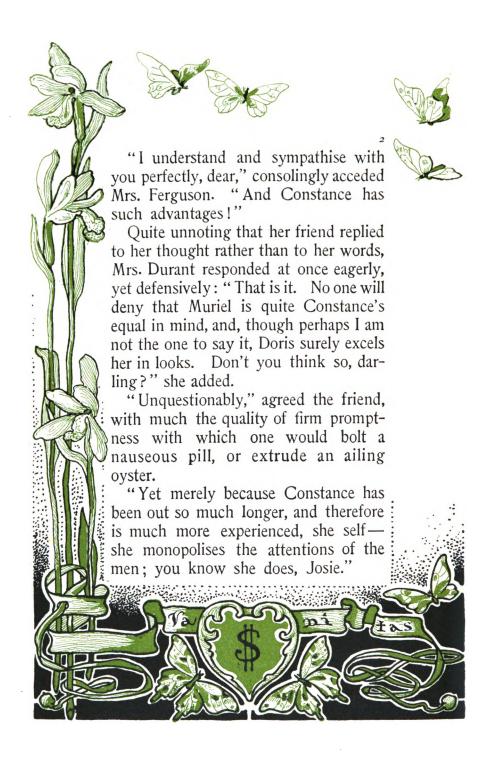


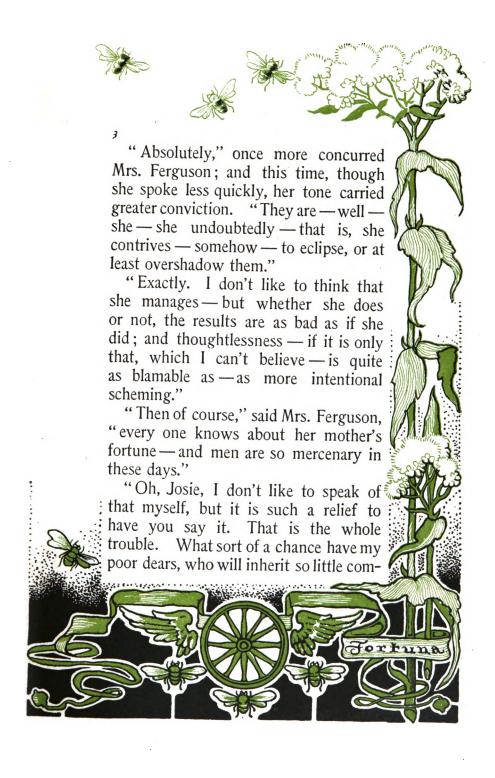


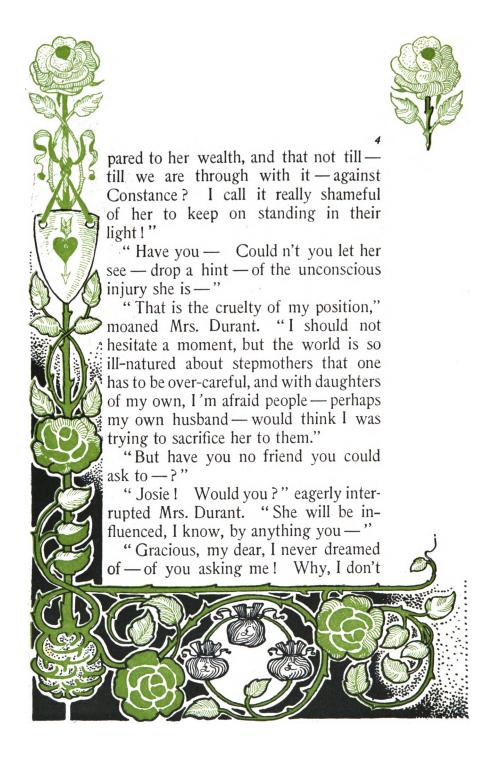
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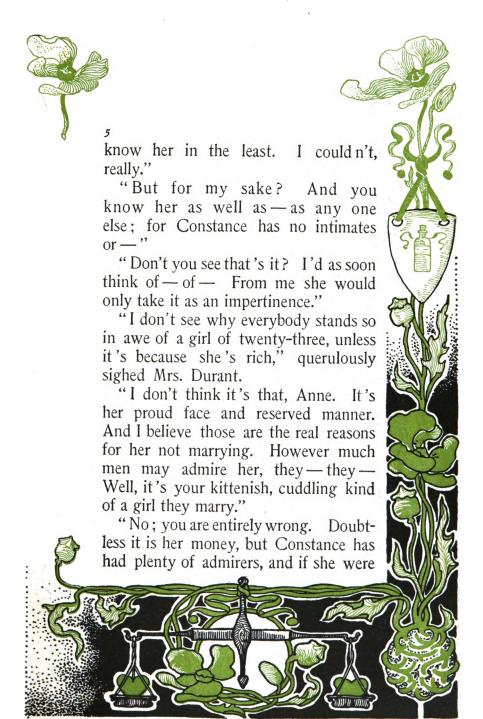
YOU understand, Josie, that I would n't for a moment wish Constance to marry without being in love, but—"

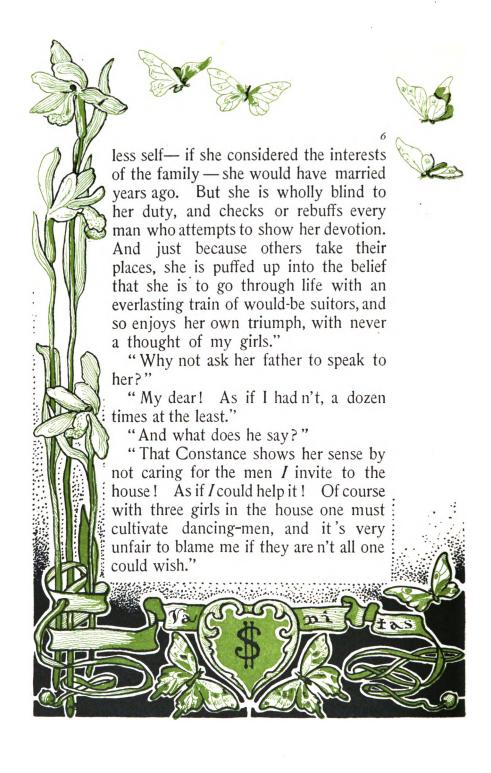
Mrs. Durant hesitated long enough to convey the inference that she was unfeminine enough to place a value on her own words, and then, the pause having led to a change, or, at least, modification of what had almost found utterance, she continued, with a touch of petulance which suggested that the general principle had in the mind of the speaker a special application, "It is certainly a great pity that the modern girl should be so unimpressionable!"

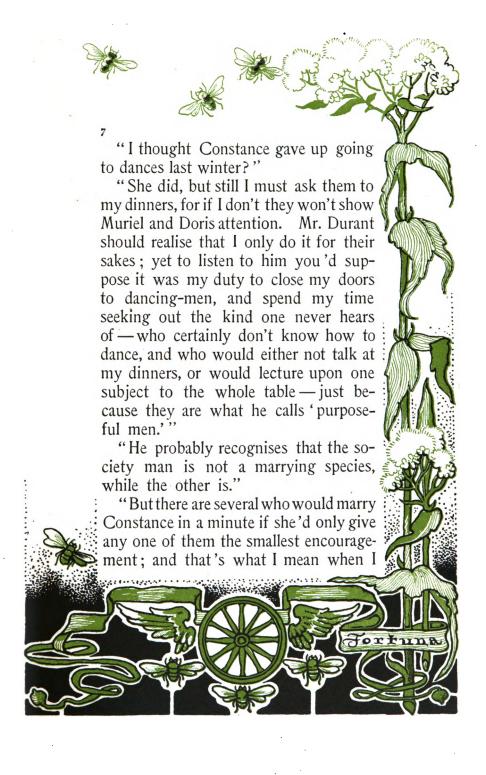


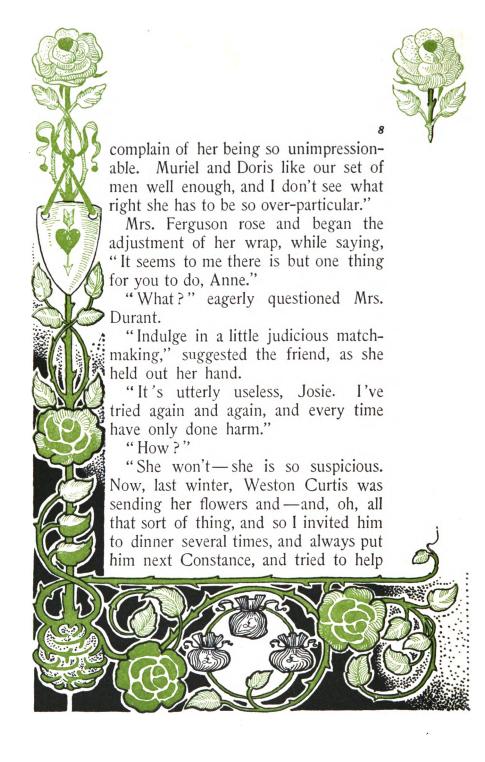


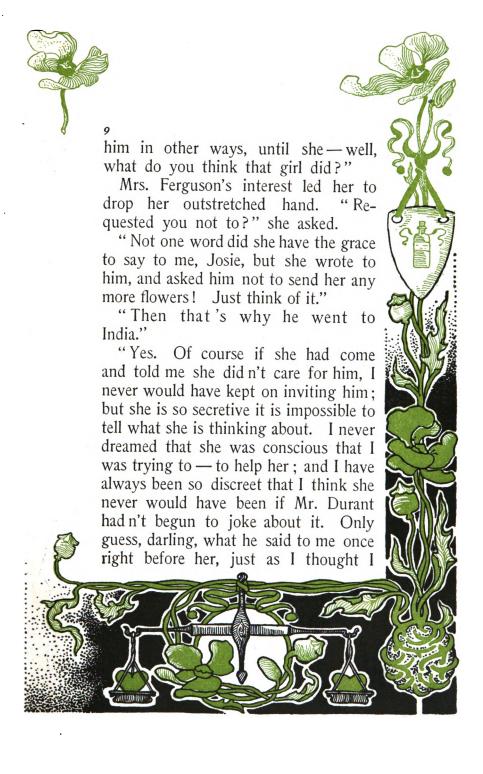


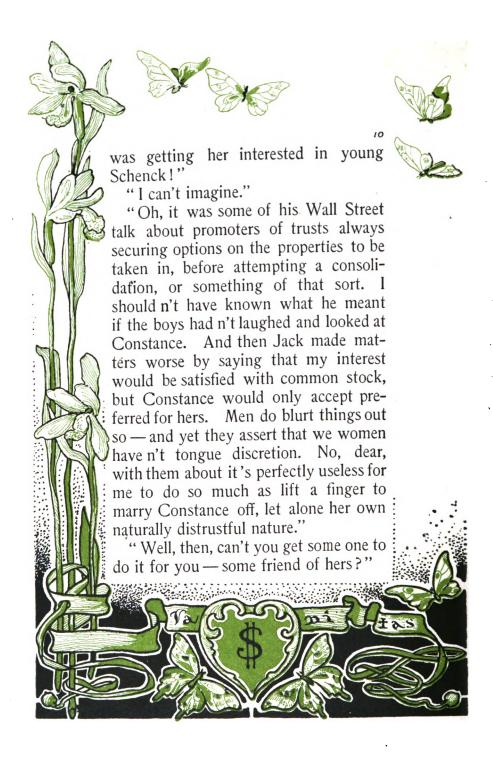


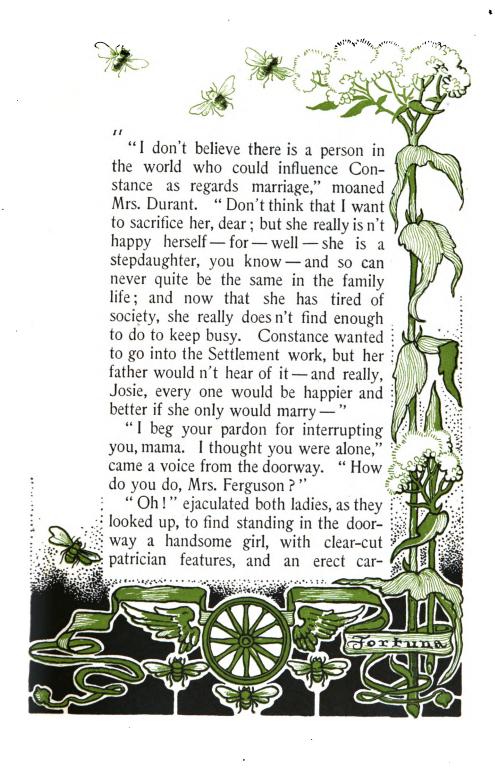














riage which gave her an air of marked distinction.

"I only stopped to ask about the errand you asked me to do when I went out," explained the girl, quietly, as the two women hunted for something to say.

"Oh. Yes. Thank you for remembering, darling," stammered Mrs. Durant, finding her voice at last. "Won't you please order a bunch of something sent to Miss Porter—and—and—I'll be very much obliged if you'll attend to it, Constance, my dear."

The girl merely nodded her head as she disappeared, but neither woman spoke till the front door was heard to close, when Mrs. Durant exclaimed, "How long had she been standing there?"

"I don't know."

"I hope she didn't hear!"

"I don't think she could have, or she would have shown it more."

"That doesn't mean anything. She



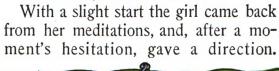


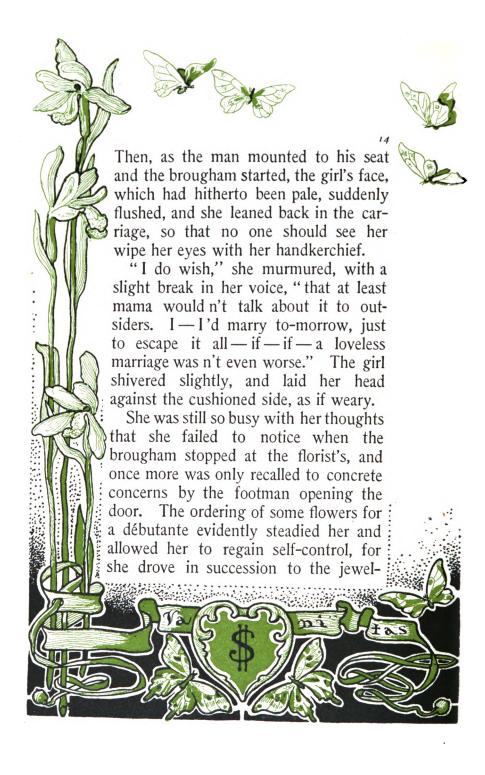
never shows anything outwardly. And really, though I wouldn't purposely have said it to her, I'm not sure that I hope she didn't hear it—for—well, I do wish some one would give her just such advice."

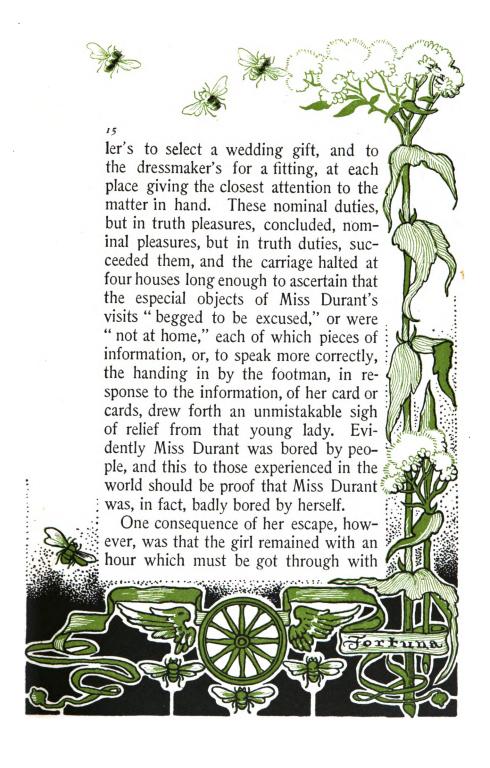
"My dear, it is n't a case for advice; it 's a case for match-making," reiterated Mrs. Ferguson, as she once more held out her hand.

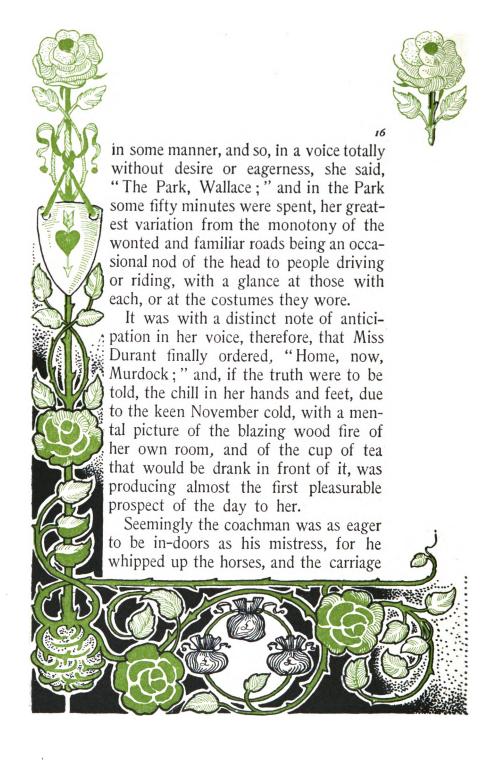
Meanwhile Miss Durant thoughtfully went down the steps to her carriage, so abstracted from what she was doing that after the footman tucked the fur robe about her feet, he stood waiting for his orders; and finally, realising his mistress's unconsciousness, touched his hat and asked,—

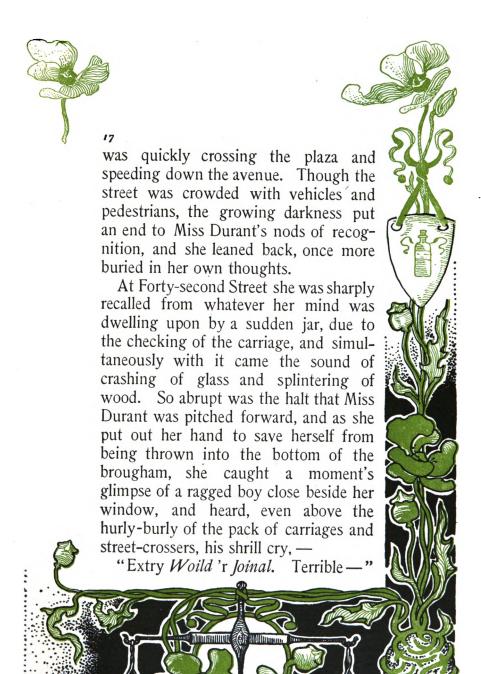
"Where to, Miss Constance?"

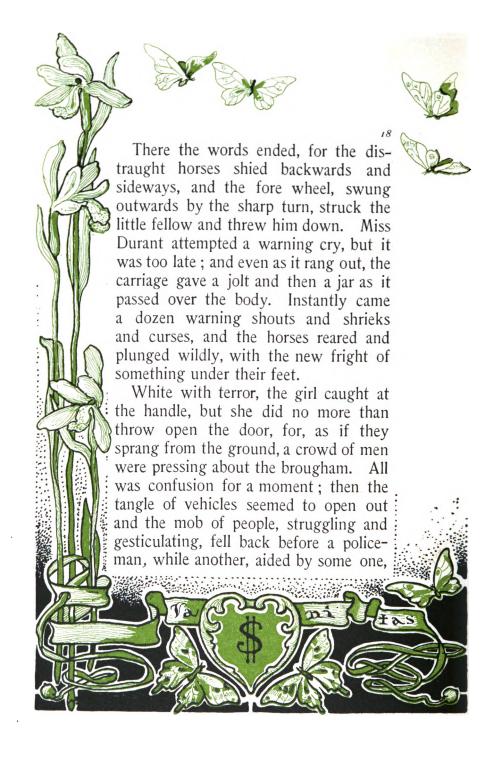


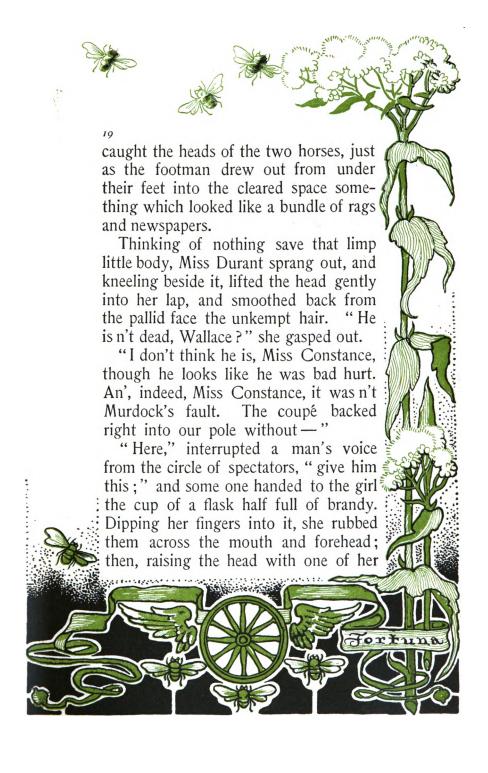














arms, she parted the lips and poured a few drops between them.

"Now, mum," suggested the policeman. "Just you let go of it, and we'll lift it to where it can stay till the ambulance gets here."

"Oh, don't," begged Miss Durant. "He should n't be moved until—"

"Like as not it'll take ten minutes to get it here, and we can't let the street stay blocked like this."

"Ten minutes!" exclaimed the girl.
"Is n't it possible — We must get help sooner, or he —" She broke in upon her own words, "Lift him into my carriage, and I'll take him to the hospital."

"Can't let you, miss," spoke up a police sergeant, who meantime had forced his way through the crowd. "Your coachman's got to stay and answer for this."

"He shall, but not now," protested Miss Durant. "I will be responsible for

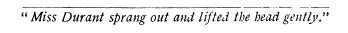




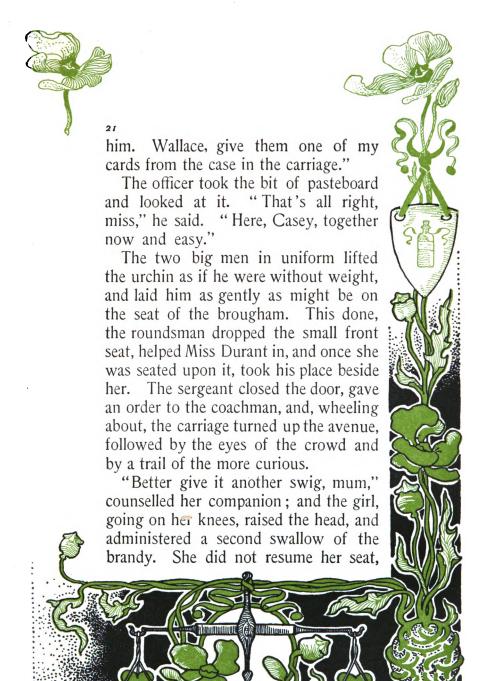
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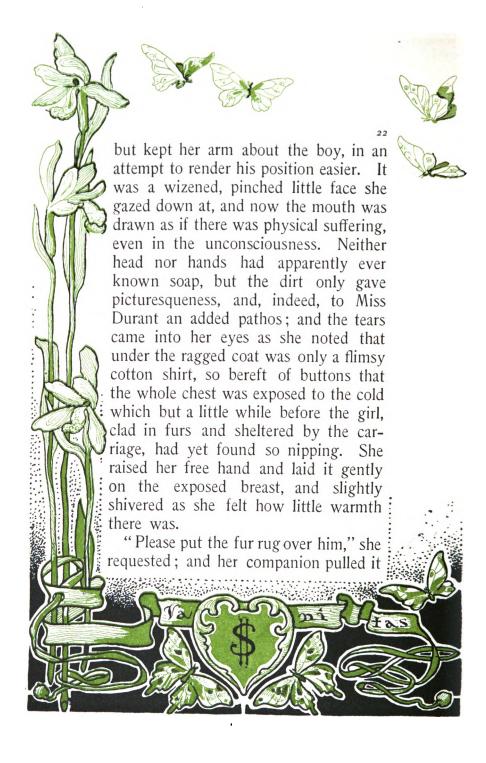
<sup>&</sup>quot;Miss Durant sprang out and lifted the head gently."

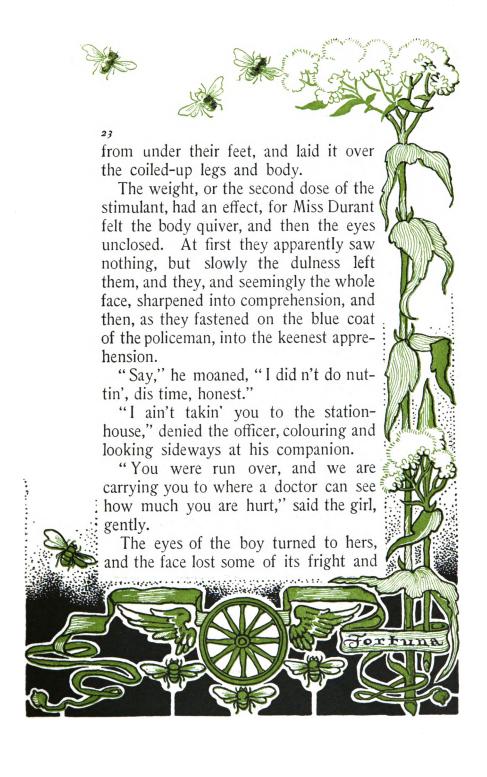


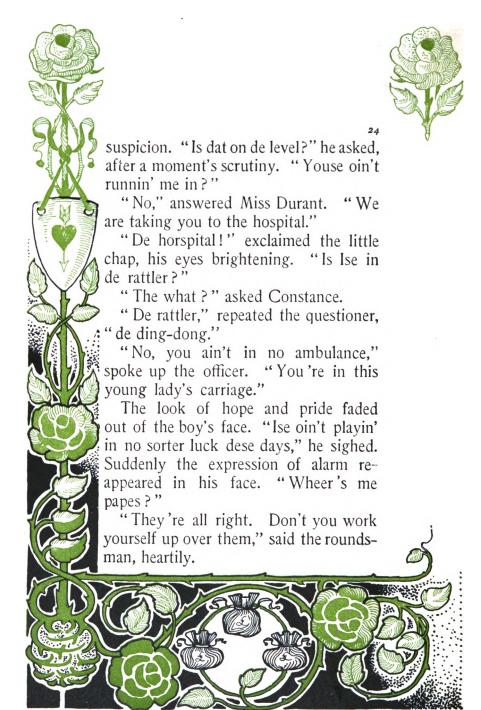


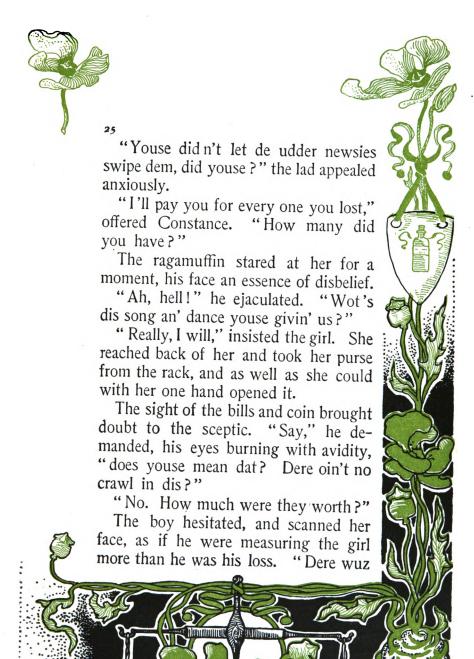


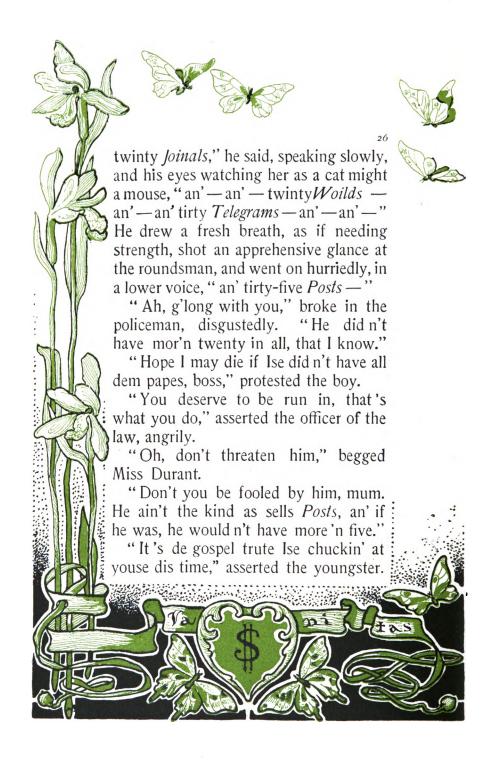


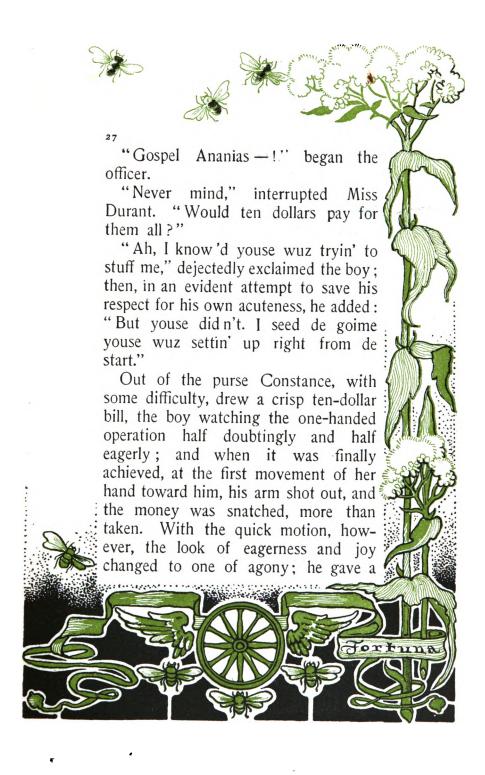














sharp cry, and, despite the grime, the cheeks whitened perceptibly.

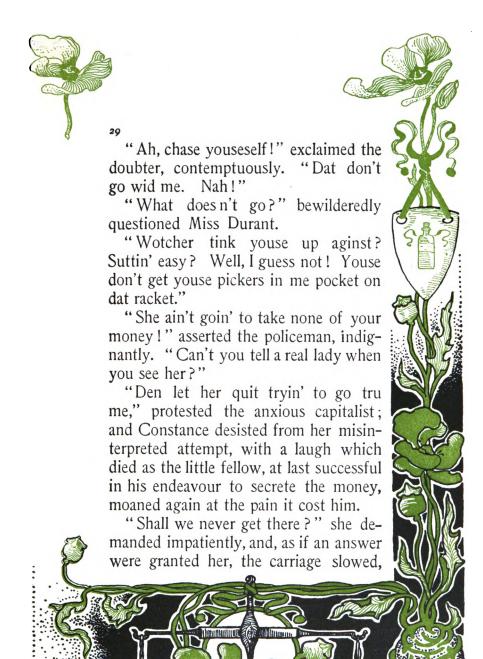
"Oh, please stay quiet," implored Miss Durant. "You must n't move."

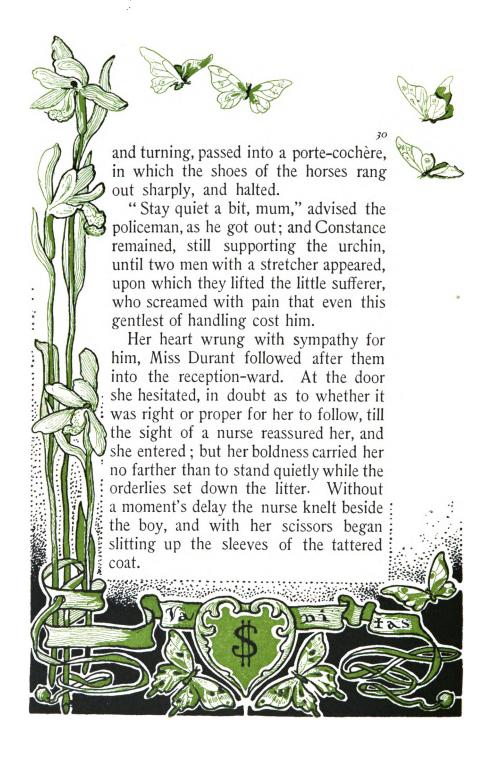
"Hully gee, but dat hurted!" gasped the youngster, yet clinging to the new wealth. He lay quiet for a few breaths; then, as if he feared the sight of the bill might in time tempt a change of mind in the giver, he stole the hand to his trousers pocket and endeavoured to smuggle the money into it, his teeth set, but his lips trembling, with the pain the movement cost him.

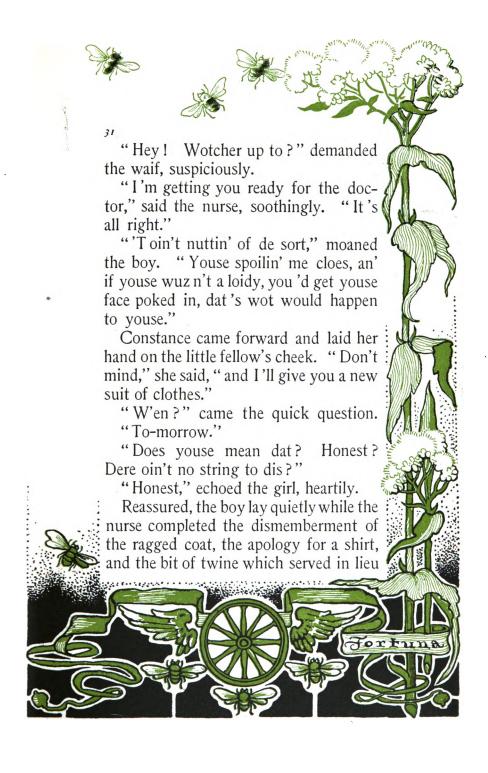
Not understanding the fear in the boy's mind, Constance put her free hand down and tried to assist him; but the instant he felt her fingers, his tightened violently. "Youse guv it me," he wailed. "Did n't she guv it me?" he appealed desperately to the policeman.

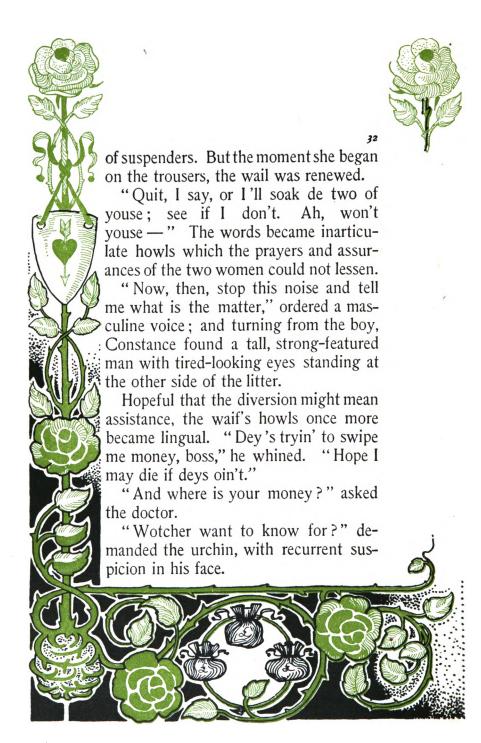
"I'm only trying to help put it in your pocket," explained the girl.

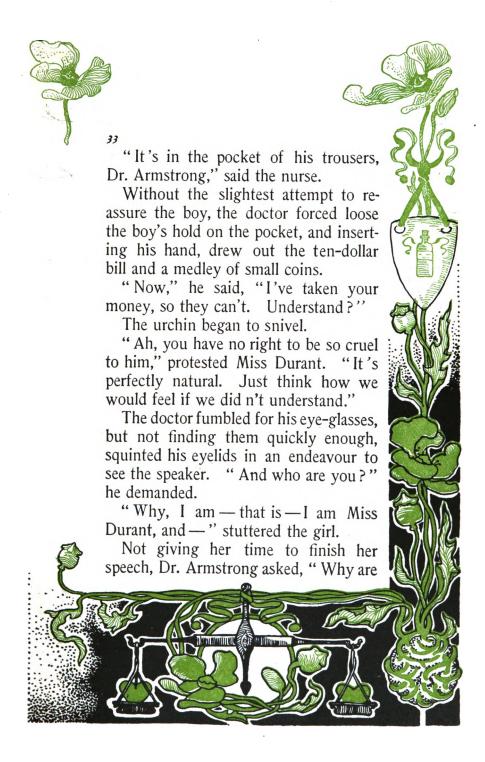


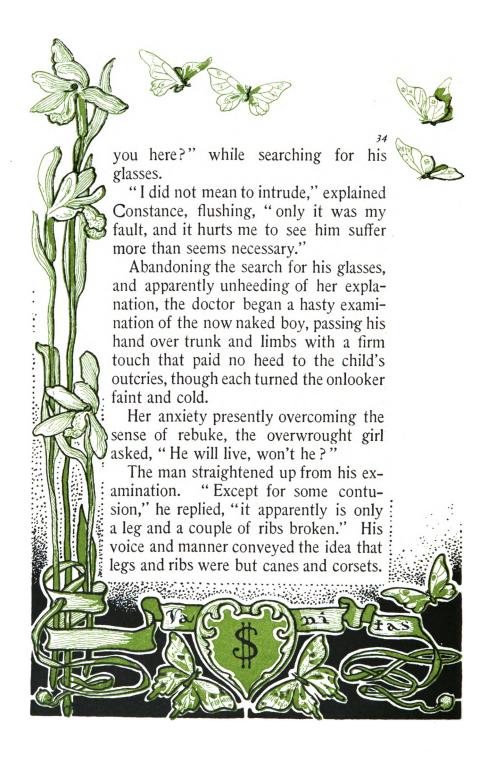


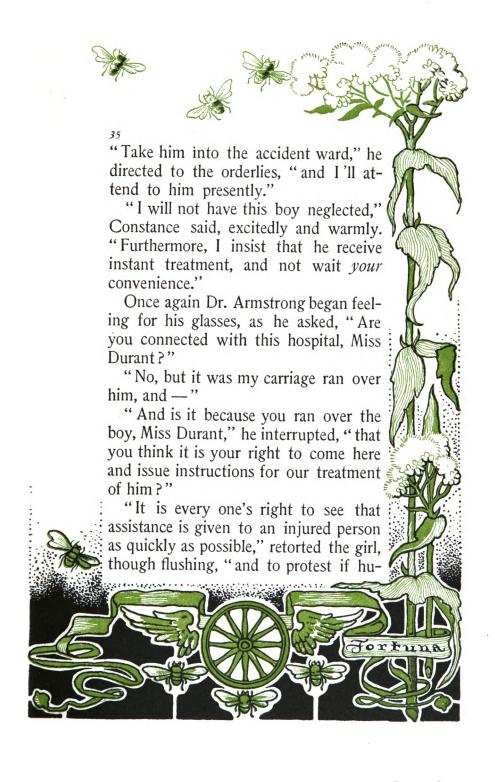












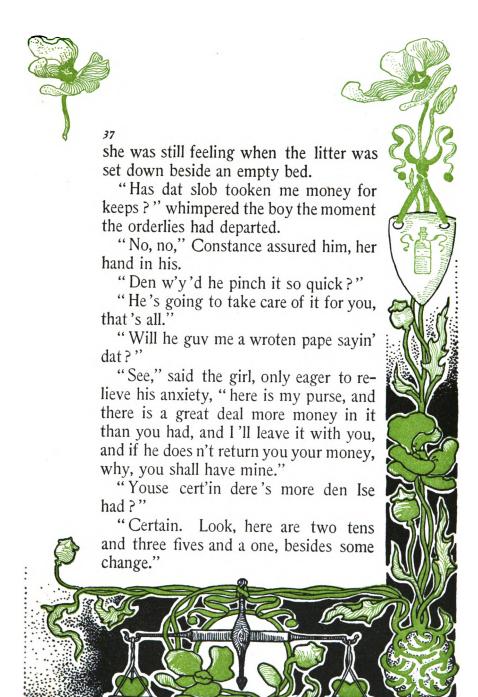


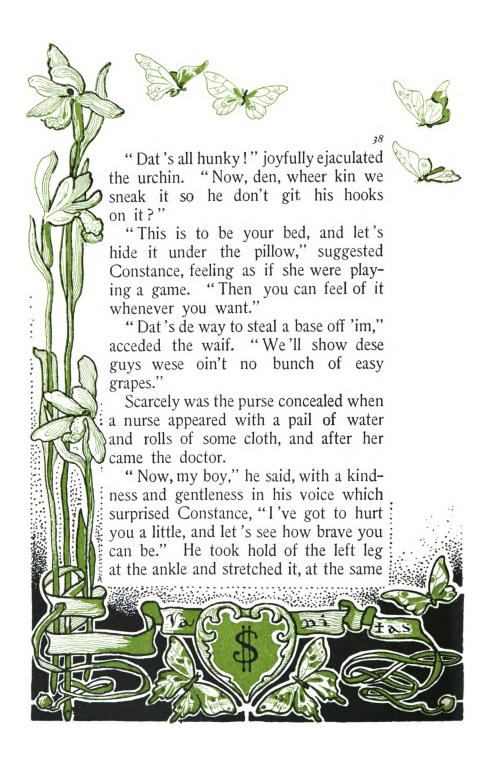
man suffering, perhaps life itself, is made to wait the convenience of one who is paid to save both."

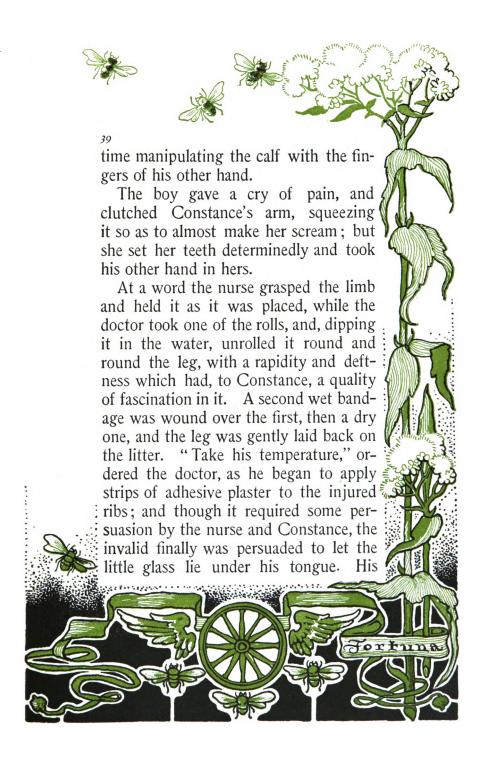
Finally discovering and adjusting his glasses, Dr. Armstrong eyed Miss Durant with a quality of imperturbability at once irritating and embarrassing. "I beg your pardon for the hasty remark I just made," he apologised. "Not having my second sight at command, I did not realise I was speaking to so young a girl, and therefore I allowed myself to be offended, which was foolish. If you choose to go with the patient, I trust you will satisfy yourself that no one in this hospital is lacking in duty or kindness."

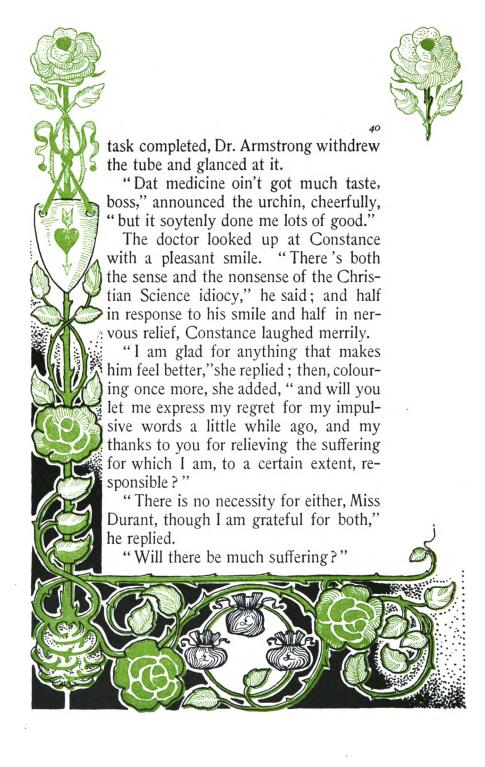
With a feeling much akin to that she had formerly suffered at the conclusion of her youthful spankings, Constance followed hurriedly after the orderlies, only too thankful that a reason had been given her permitting an escape from those steady eyes and amused accents, which













"Probably no more than ordinarily occurs in such simple fractures," said the doctor; "and we'll certainly do our best that there shall not be."

"And may I see him to-morrow?"

"Certainly, if you come between eleven and one."

"Thank you," said Constance. "And one last favour. Will you tell me the way to my carriage?"

"If you will permit me, I'll see you

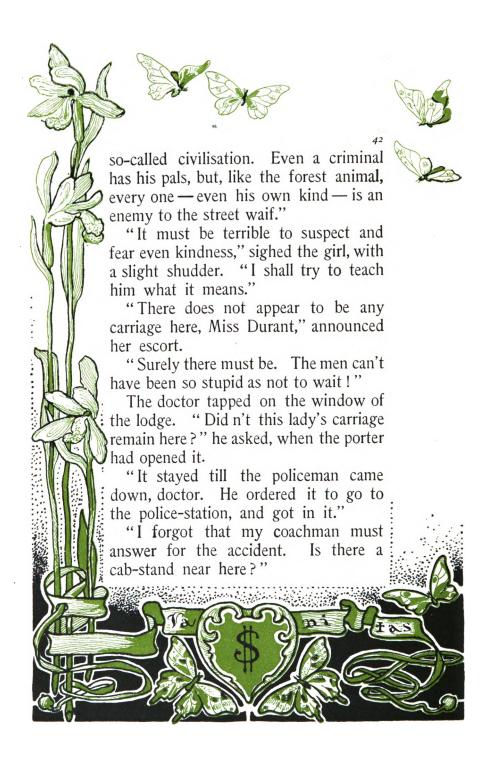
to it," offered Dr. Armstrong.

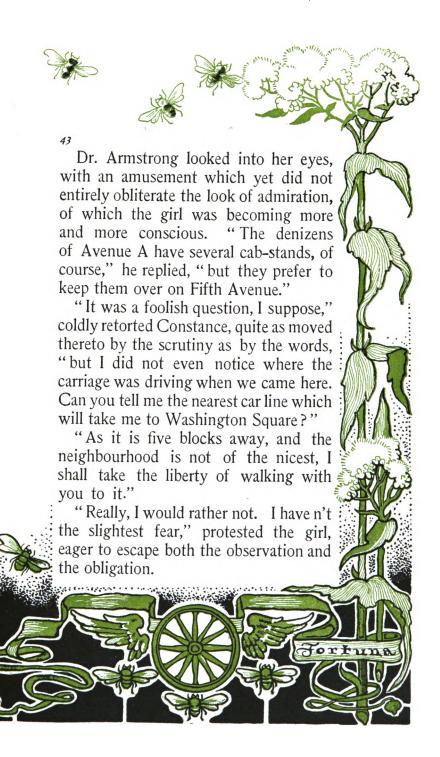
With an acknowledgment of the head, Constance turned and took the boy's hand and said a good-bye.

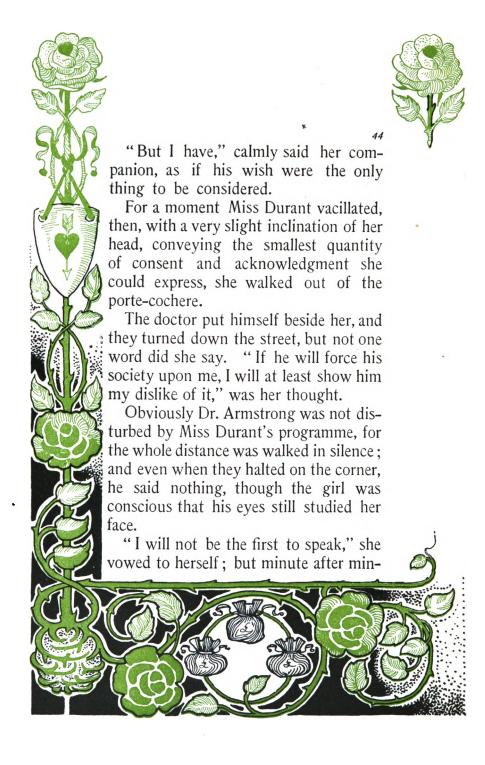
"Do you suppose all newsboys are so dreadfully sharp and suspicious?" she asked of her guide, as they began to descend the stairs, more because she was conscious that he was eyeing her with steady scrutiny than for any other reason.

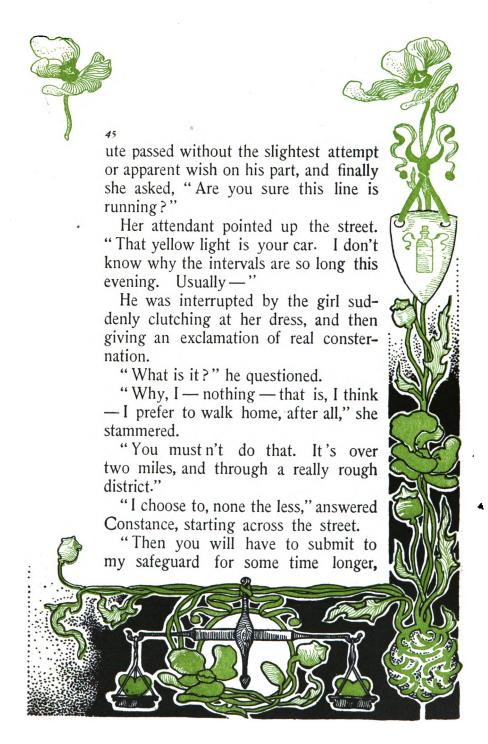
"I suppose the life is closer to that of the wild beast than anything we have in

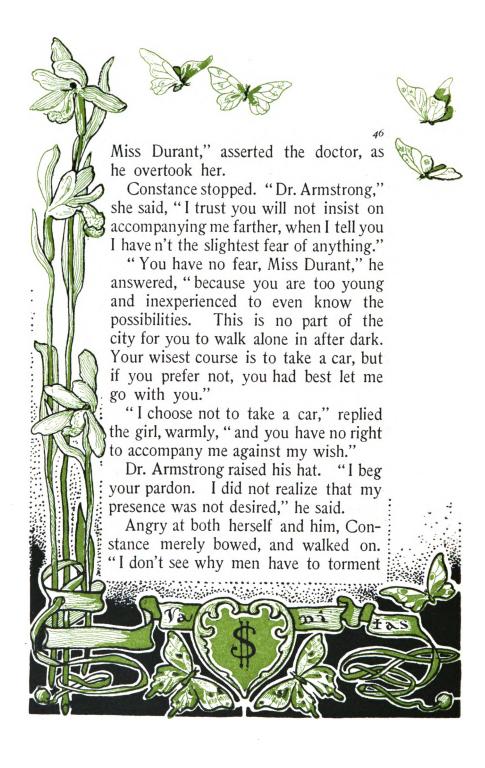


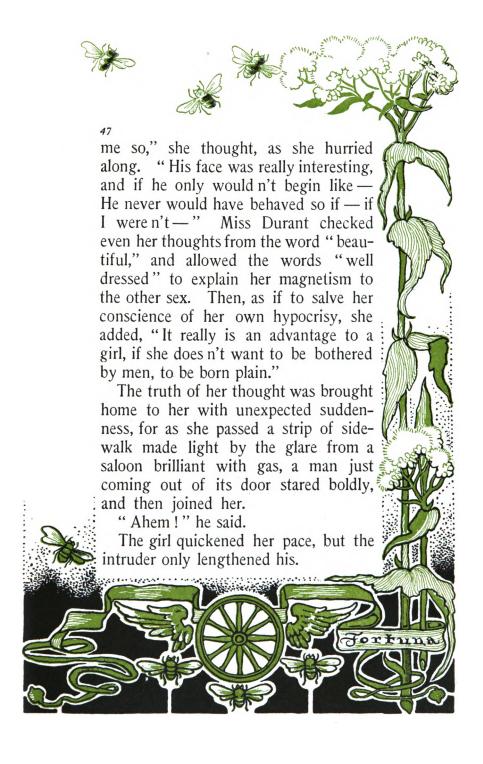


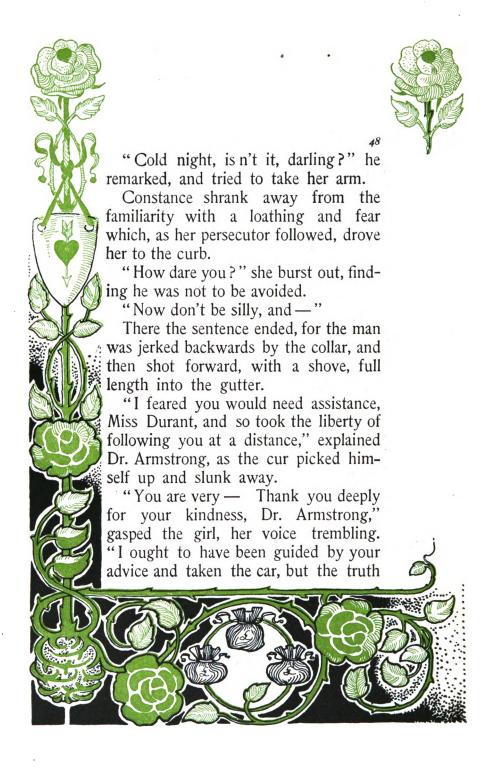


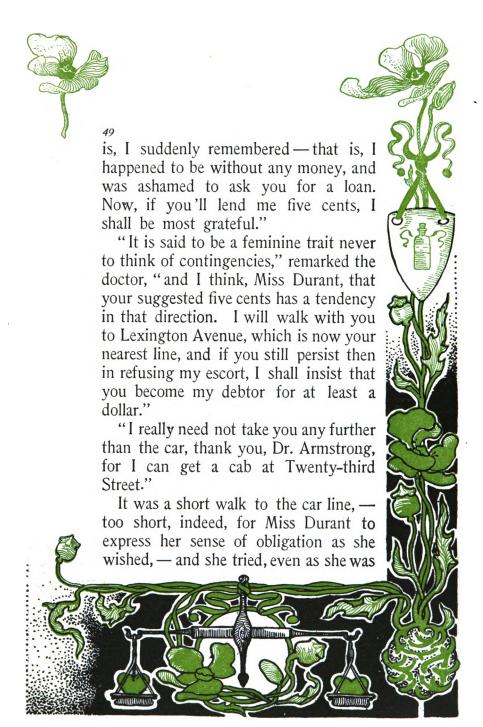


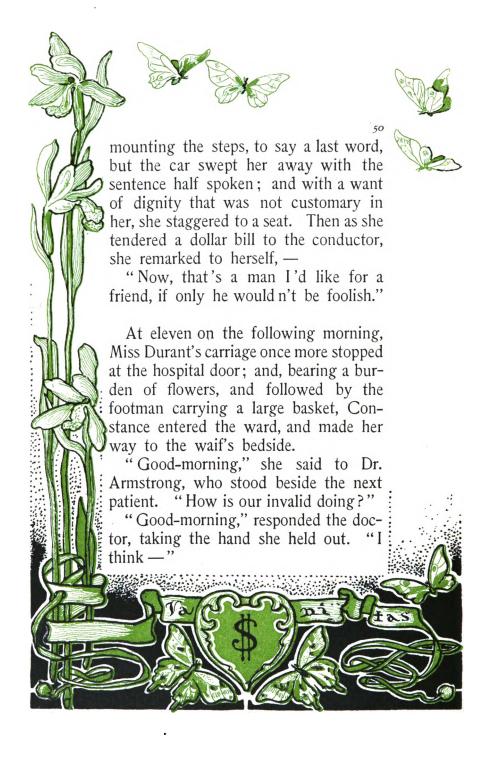


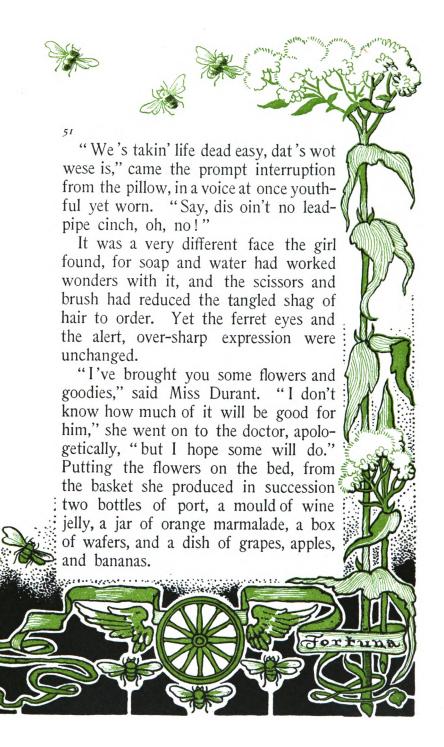


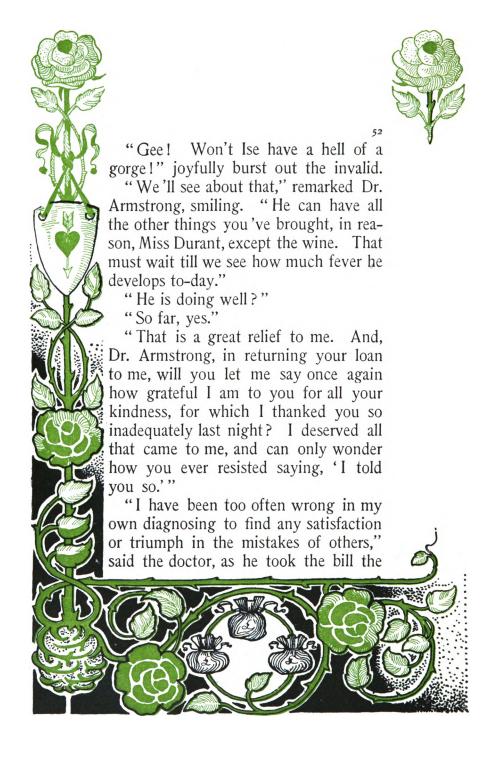


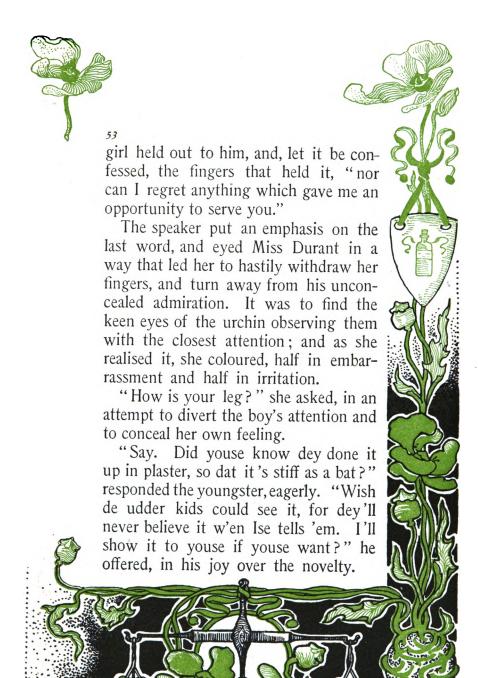


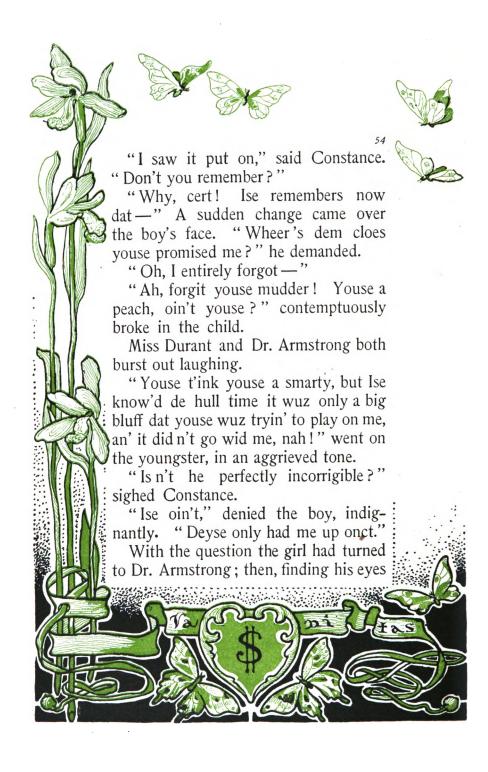


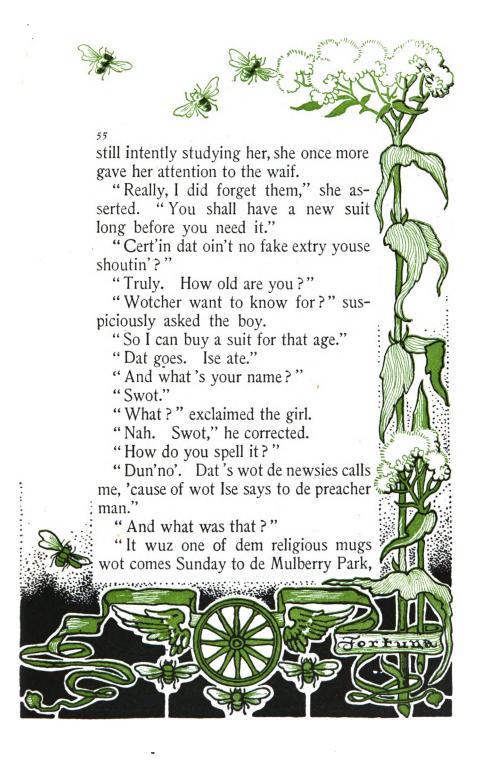














see, an' dat day he wuz gassin' to us kids 'bout lettin' a guy as had hit youse onct doin' it ag'in; an' w'en he 'd pumped hisself empty, he says to me, says he, 'If a bad boy fetched youse a lick on youse cheek, wot would youse do to 'im?' An' Ise says, 'I'd swot 'im in de gob, or punch 'im in de slats,' says I; an' so de swipes calls me by dat 'noime. Honest, now, oin't dat kinder talk jus' sickenin'?"

"But you must have another name," suggested Miss Durant, declining to commit herself on that question.

"Sure."

"And what is that?"

"McGarrigle."

"And have you no father or mother?"

"Nah."

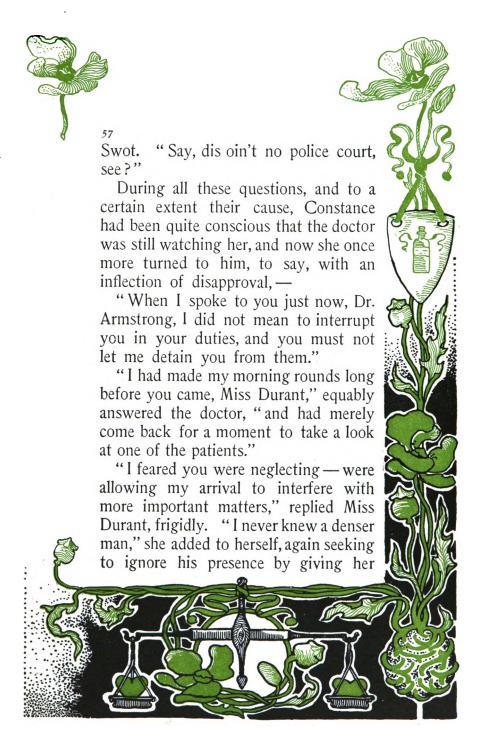
"Or brothers or sisters?"

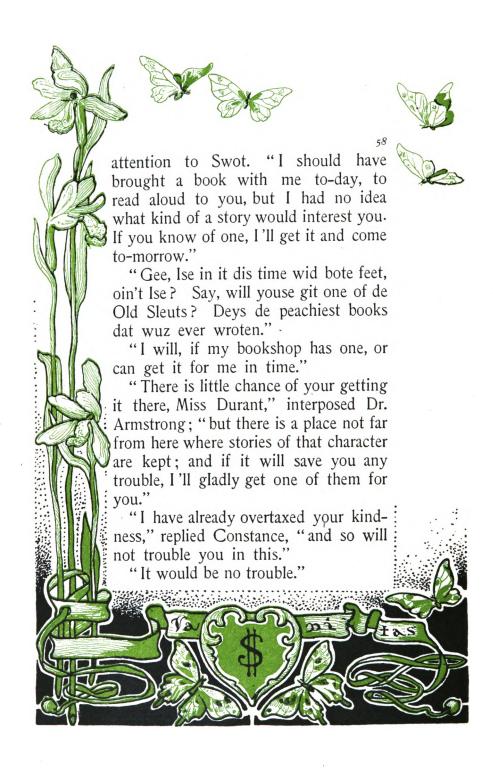
"Nah. Ise oin't got nuttin'."

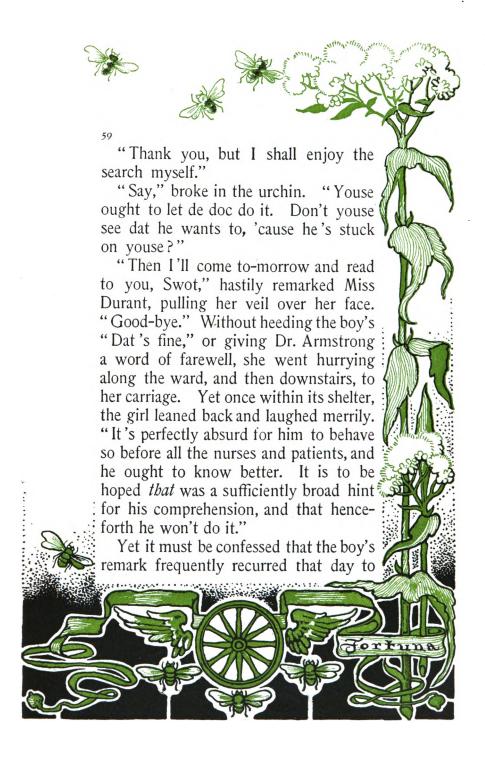
"Where do you live?"

"Ah, rubber!" disgustedly remarked







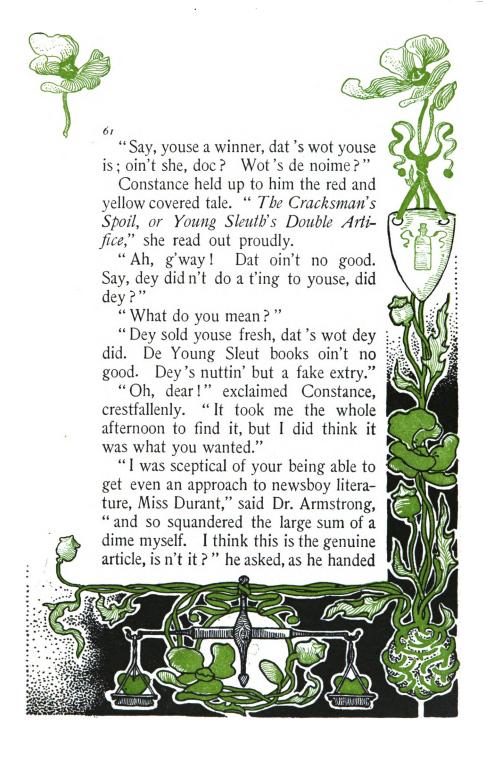


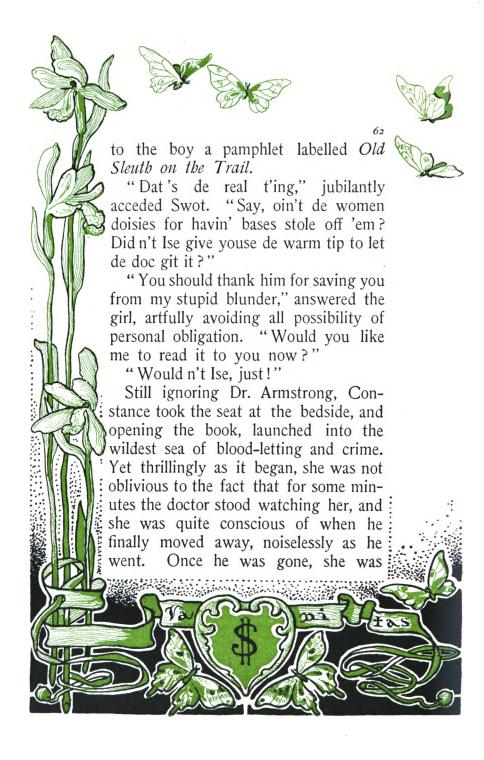


Miss Durant; and if it had no other result, it caused her to devote an amount of thought to Dr. Armstrong quite out of proportion to the length of the acquaintance.

Whatever the inward effect, Miss Durant could discover no outward evidence that Swot's bombshell had moved Dr. Armstrong a particle more than her less pointed attempts to bring to him a realisation that he was behaving in a manner displeasing to her. When she entered the ward the next morning, the doctor was again there, and this time at the waif's bedside, making avoidance of him out of the question. So with a "this-is-my-busy-day" manner, she gave him the briefest of greetings, and then turned to the boy.

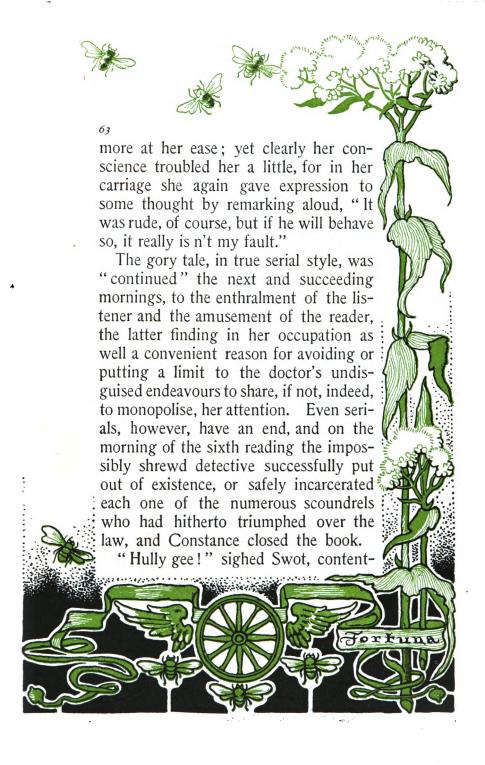
"I've brought you some more goodies, Swot, and I found the story," she announced triumphantly.

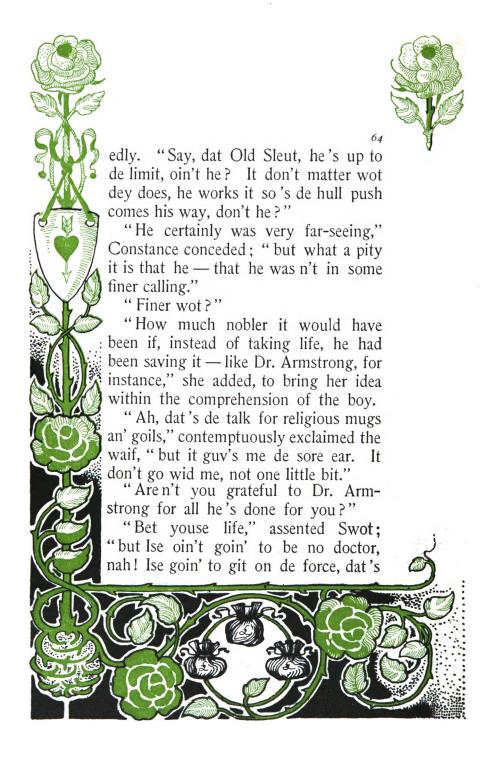


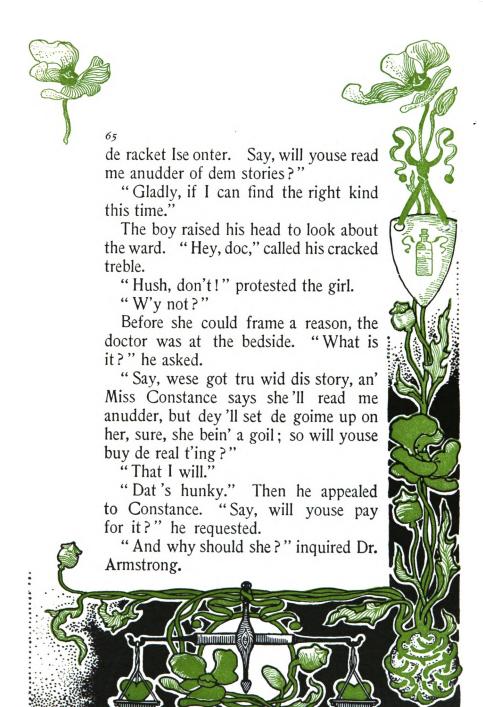


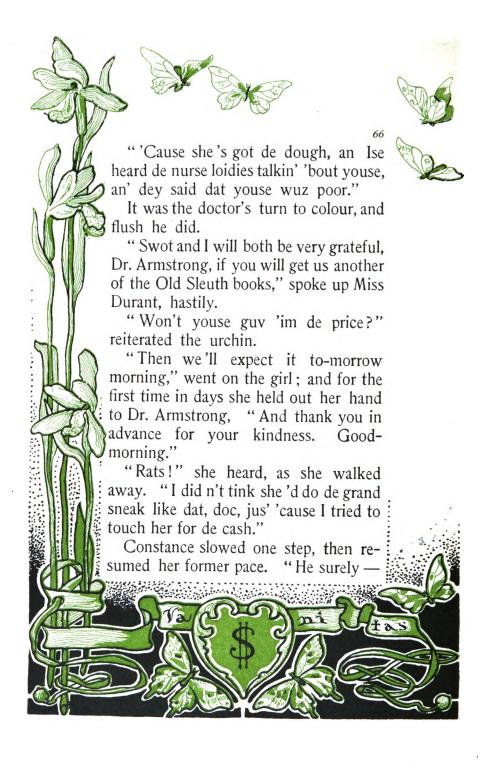
<sup>&</sup>quot;Constance took the seat at the bedside."

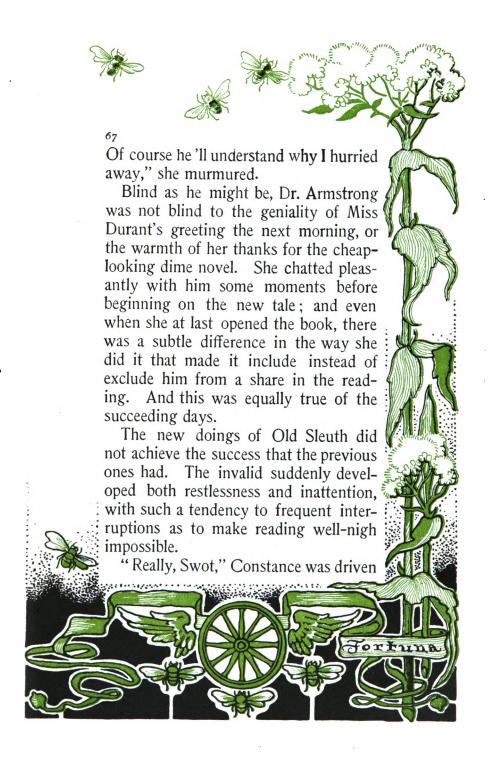


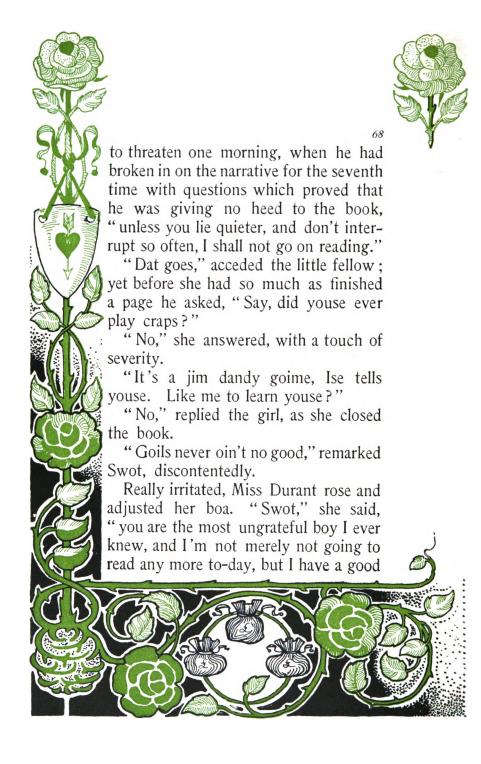


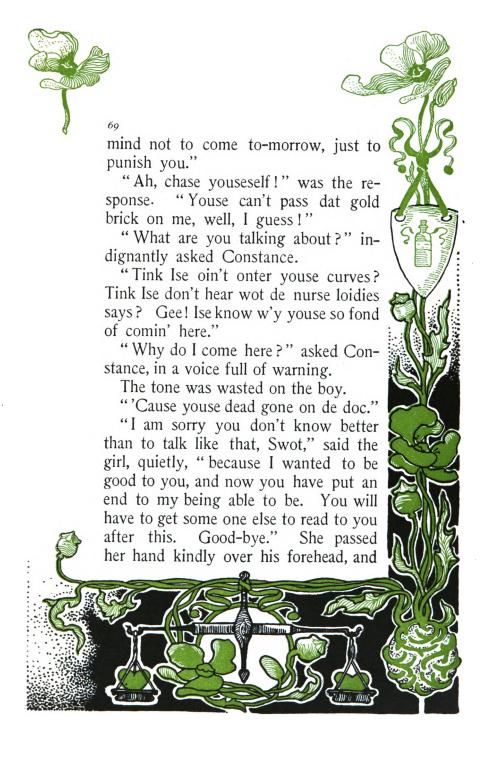


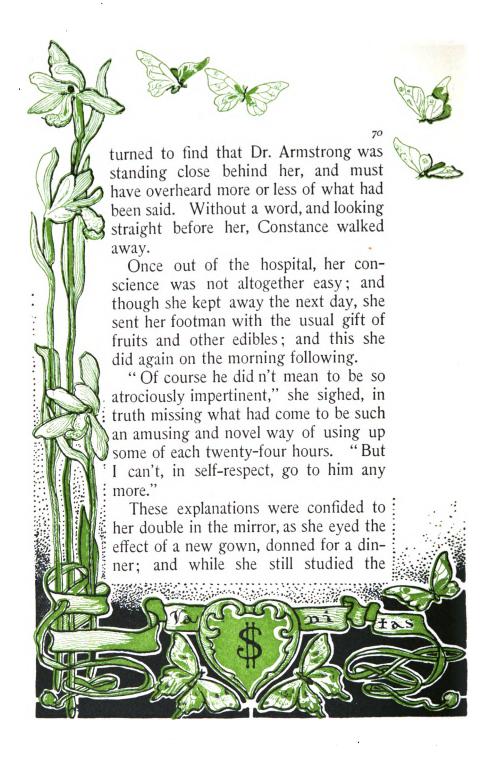


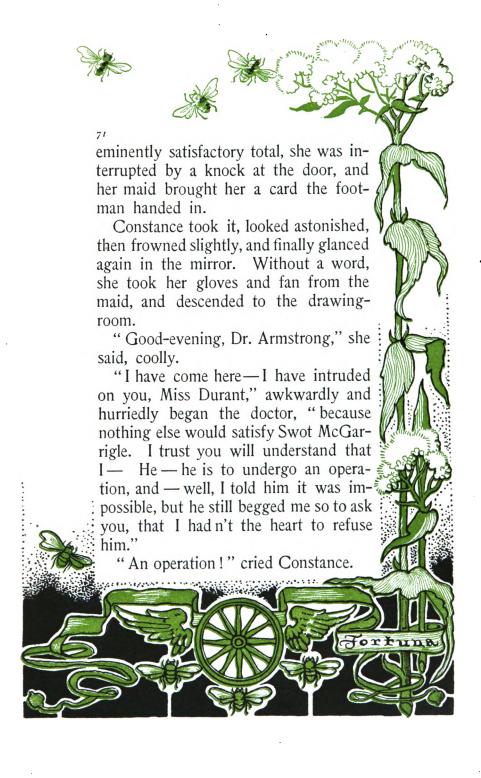














"Don't be alarmed. It's really nothing serious. He — Perhaps you may have noticed how restless and miserable he has been lately. It is due, we have decided, to one of the nerves of the leg having been lacerated, and so I am going to remove it, to end the suffering, which is now pretty keen."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed the girl, regretfully. "I did n't dream of it, and so was hard on him, and said I

would n't come any more."

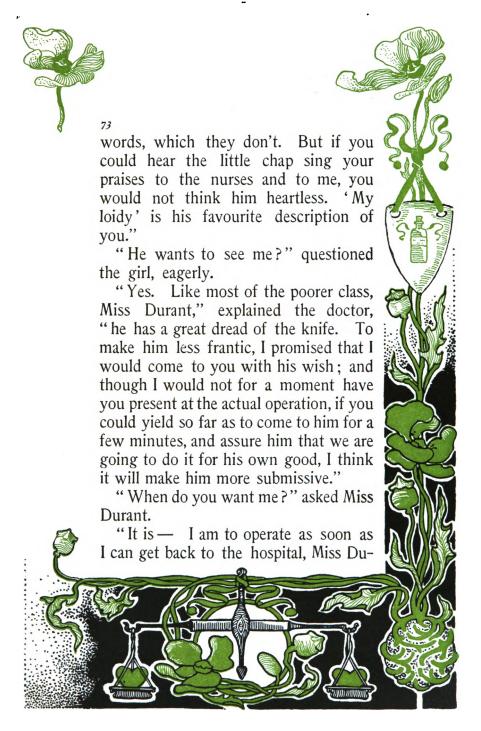
"He has missed your visits very much, Miss Durant, and we found it very hard to comfort him each morning, when only your servant came."

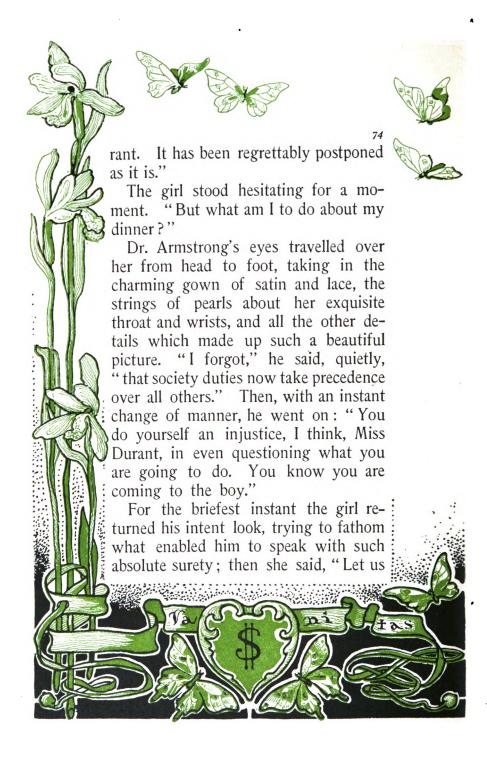
"Has he really? I thought they were

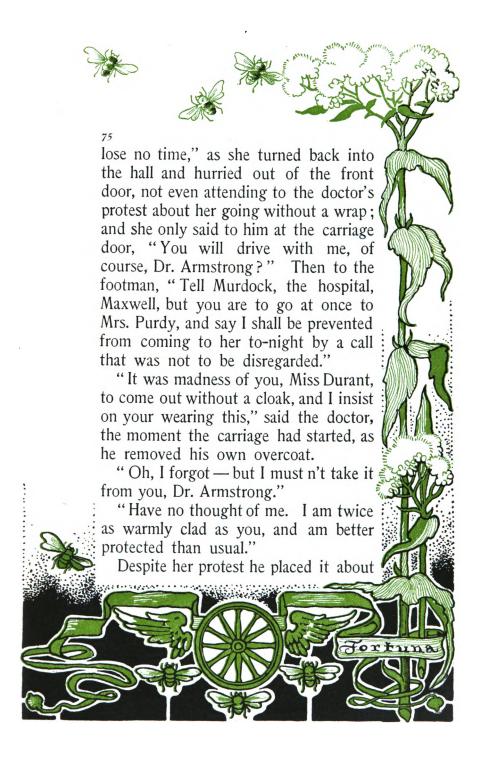
nothing to him."

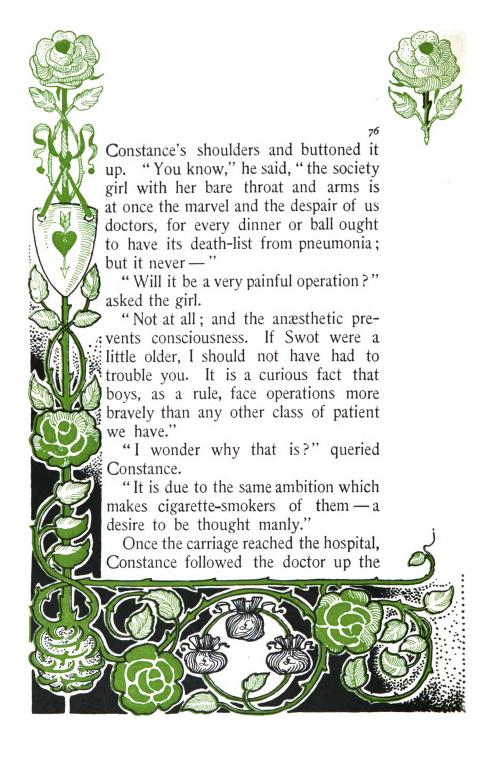
"If you knew that class better, you would appreciate that they are really grateful and warm-hearted, but they fear to show their feelings, and, besides, could not express them, even if they had the



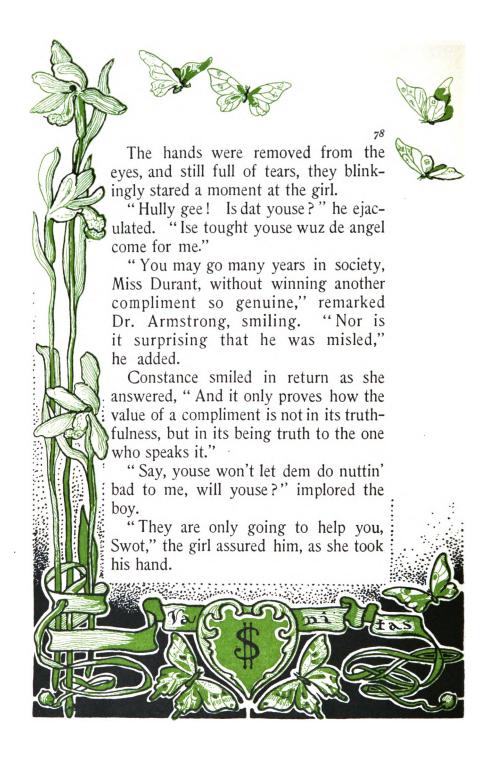


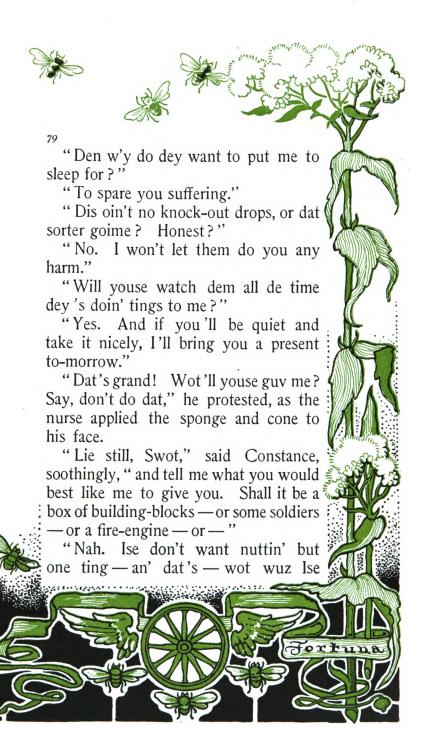


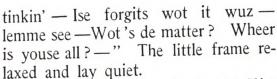




77 stairs and through the corridor. "Let me relieve you of the coat, Miss Durant," he advised, and took it from her and passed it over to one of the orderlies. Then, opening a door, he made way for her to enter. Constance passed into a medium-sized room, which a first glance showed her to be completely lined with marble; but there her investigations ceased, for her eyes rested on the glass table upon which lay the little fellow, while beside him stood a young doctor and a nurse. the sound of her footsteps the boy turned his head till he caught sight of her, when, after an instant's stare, he surprised the girl by hiding his eyes and beginning to cry. "Ise knowed all along youse wuz goin' to kill me," he sobbed. "Why, Swot," cried Constance, going to his side. "Nobody is going to kill you."







"That is all you can do for us, Miss

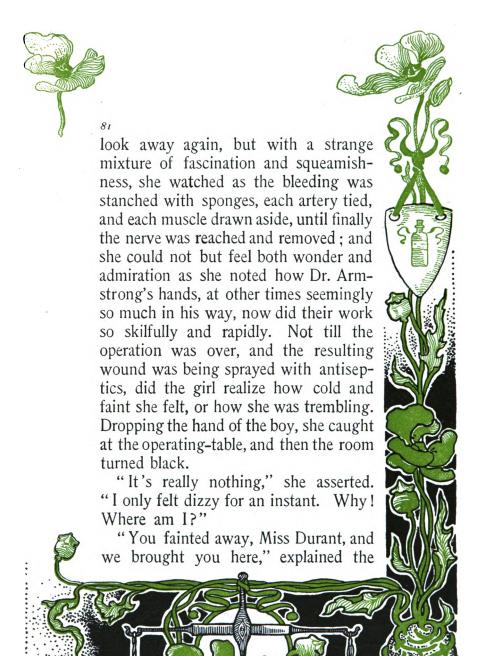
Durant," said Dr. Armstrong.

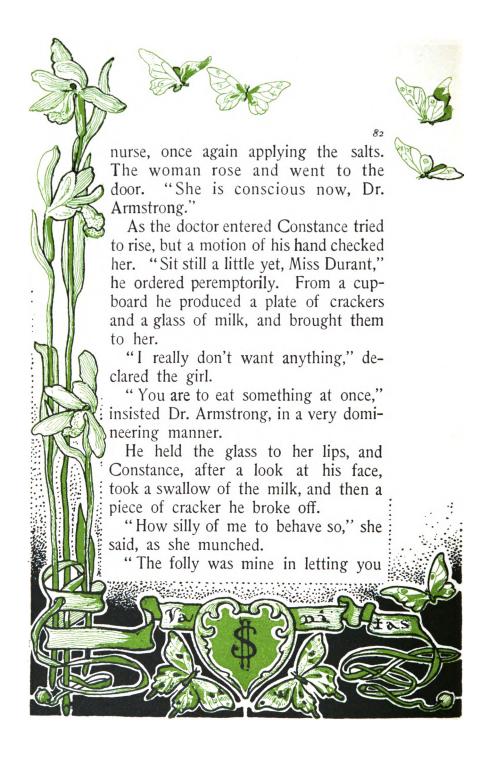
"May I not stay, as I promised him I would?" begged Constance.

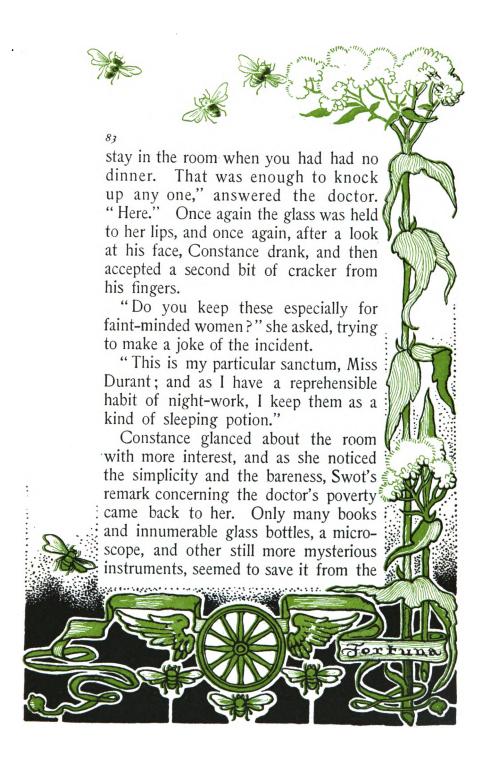
"Can you bear the sight of blood?"

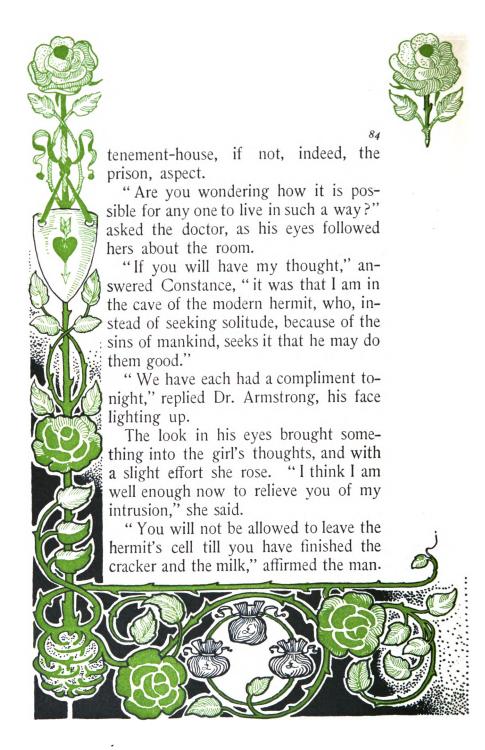
"I don't know — but see — I'll turn my back." Suiting the action to the word, the girl faced so that, still holding Swot's hand, she was looking away from the injured leg.

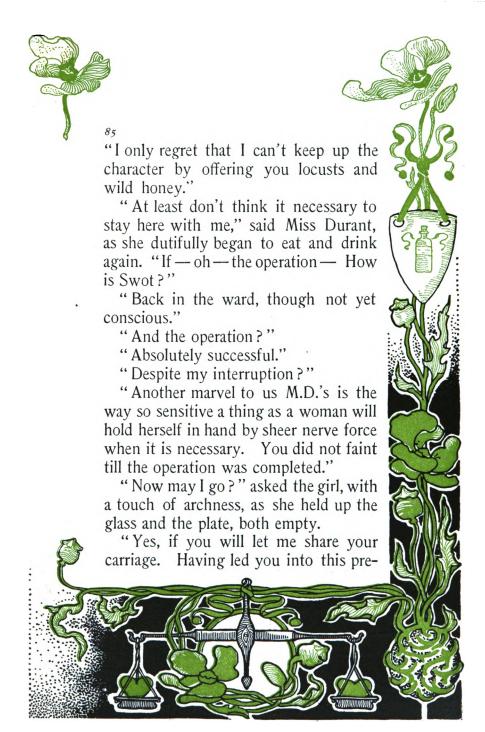
A succession of low-spoken orders to his assistants was the doctor's way of telling her that he left her to do as she chose. She stood quietly for a few minutes, but presently her desire to know the progress of the operation, and her anxiety over the outcome, proved too strong for her, and she turned her head to take a furtive glance. She did not

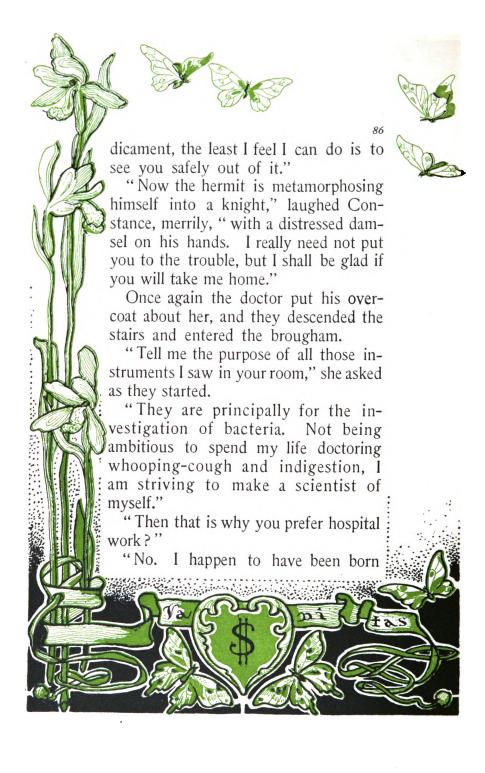


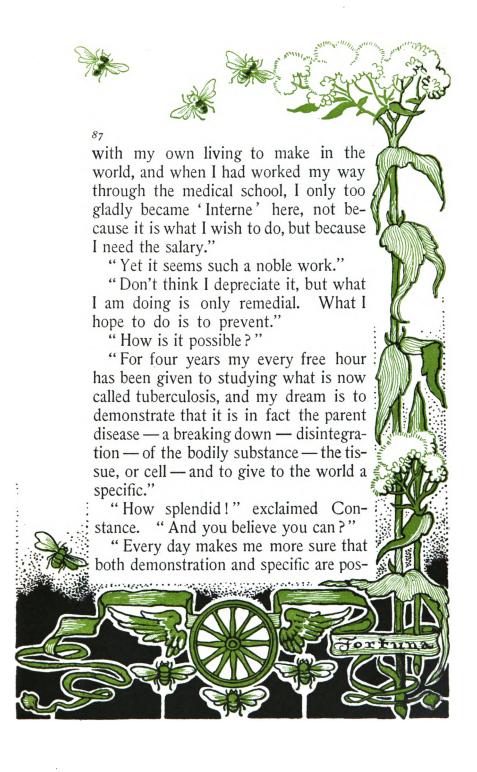














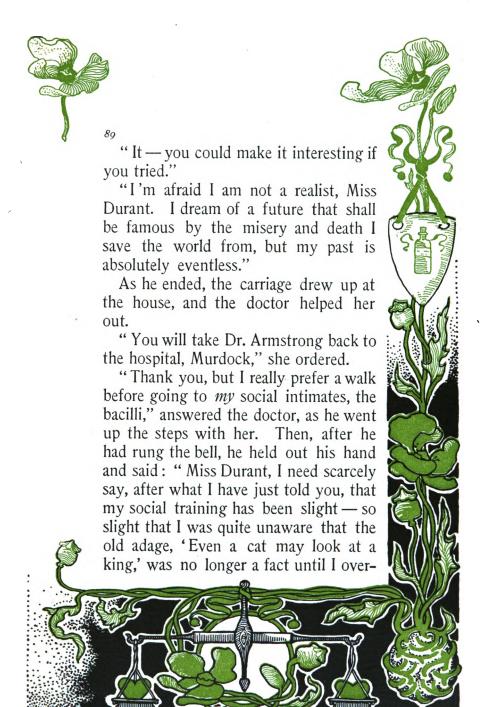
sible — but it is unlikely that I shall be the one to do it."

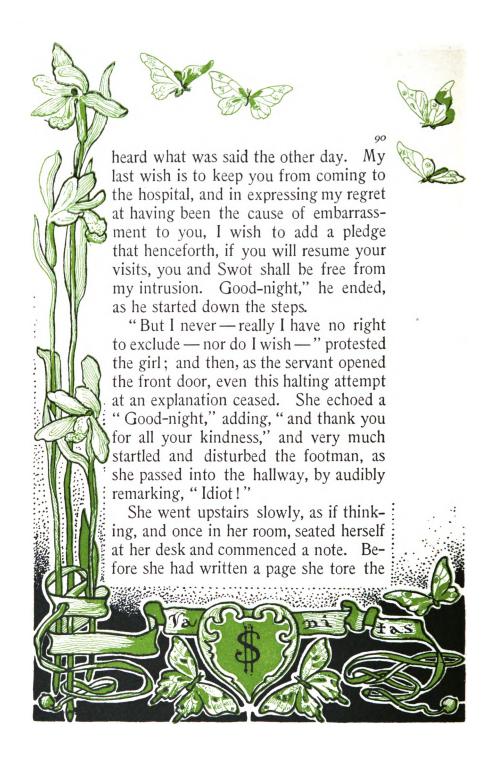
"I do not see why?"

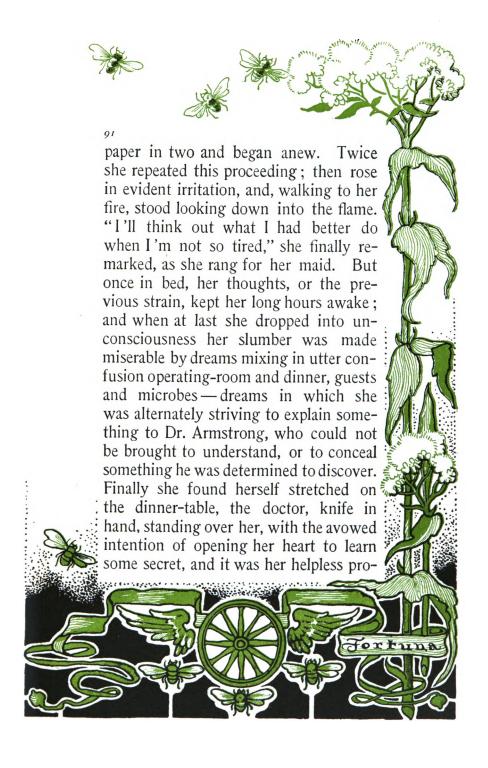
"Because there are many others studying the disease who are free from the necessity of supporting themselves, and so can give far more time and money to the investigation than is possible for me. Even the scientist must be rich in these days, Miss Durant, if he is to win the great prizes."

"Won't you tell me something about yourself?" requested Constance, impulsively.

"There really is nothing worth while yet. I was left an orphan young, in the care of an uncle who was able to do no better for me than to get me a place in a drug-store. By doing the night-work it was possible to take the course at the medical college; and as I made a good record, this position was offered to me."







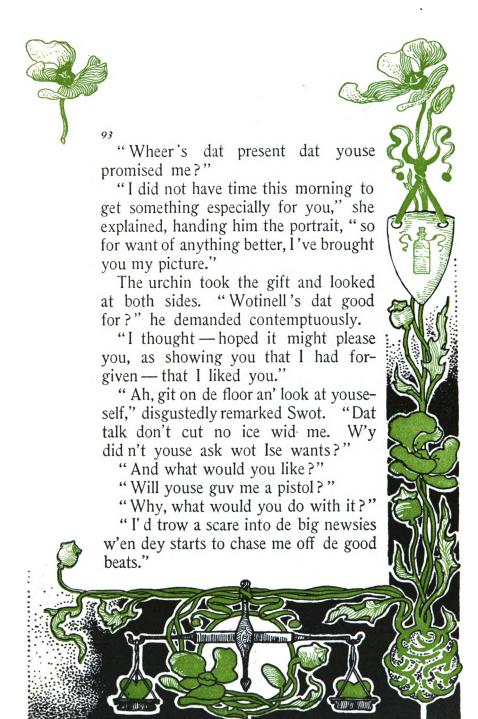


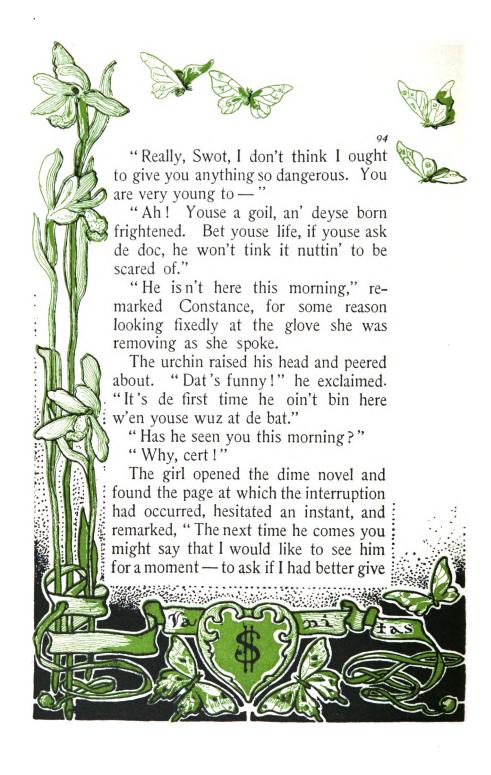
tests and struggles which brought consciousness to her — to discover that she had slept far into the morning.

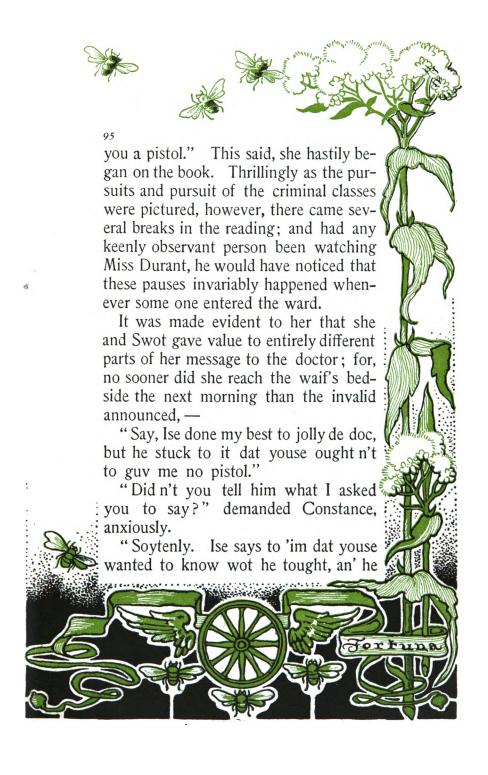
With the one thought of a visit to the hospital during the permitted hours, she made a hasty toilet, followed by an equally speedy breakfast, and was actually on her way downstairs when she recalled her promise of a gift. A glance at her watch told her that there was not time to go to the shops, and hurrying back to her room, she glanced around for something among the knick-knacks scattered about. Finding nothing that she could conceive of as bringing pleasure to the waif, she took from a drawer of her desk a photograph of herself, and descended to the carriage.

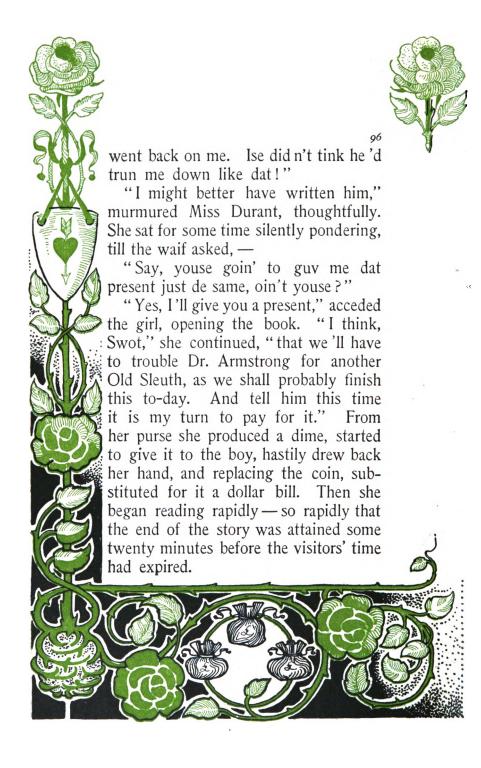
She had reason to be thankful for her recollection, as, once her greetings, and questions to the nurse about the patient's condition were made, Swot demanded,

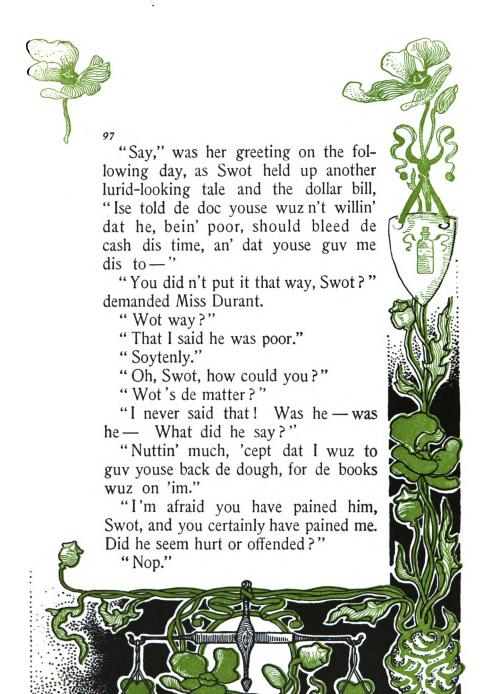


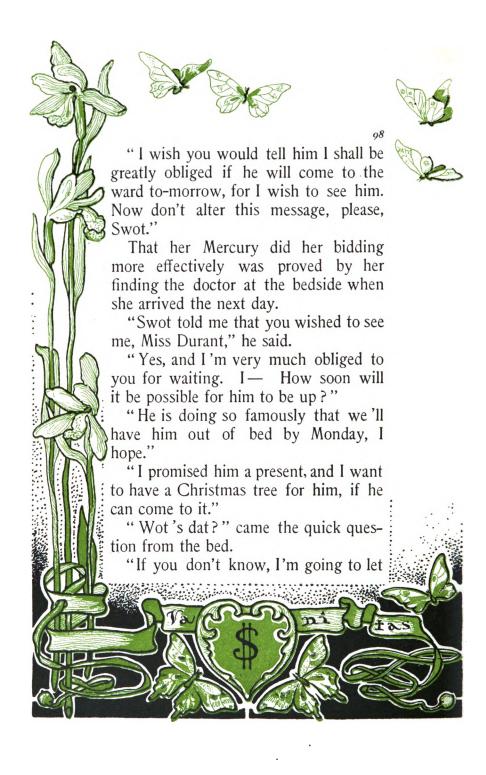


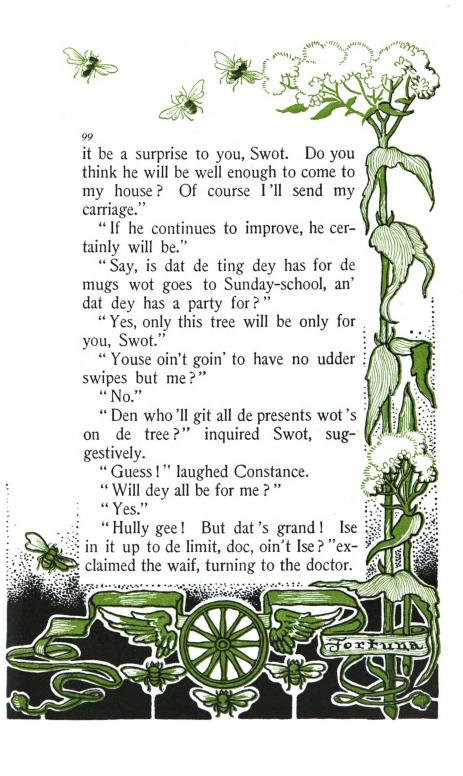


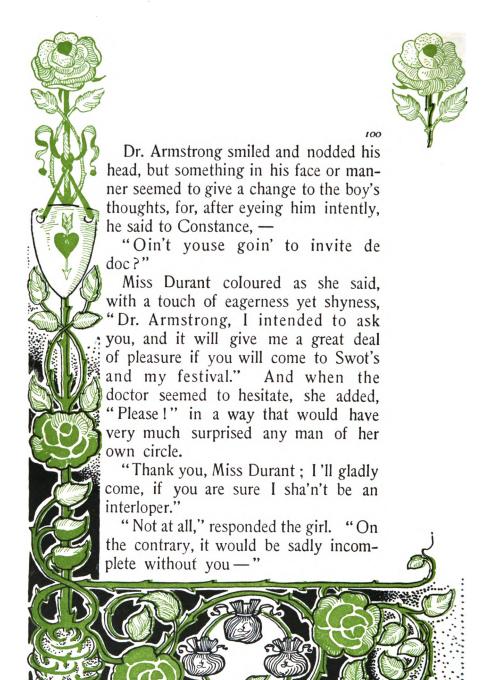


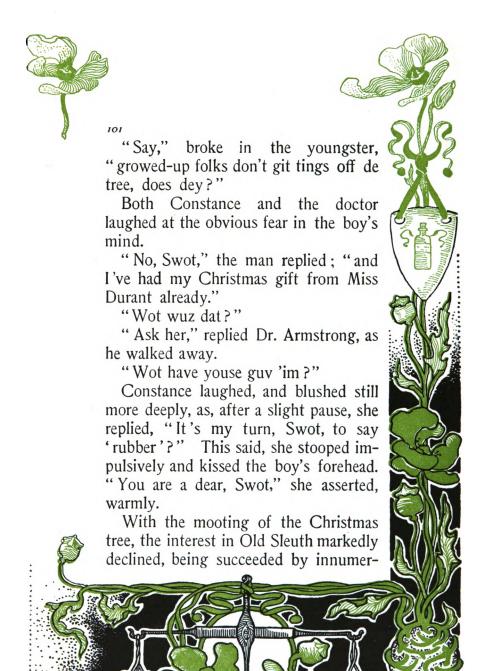


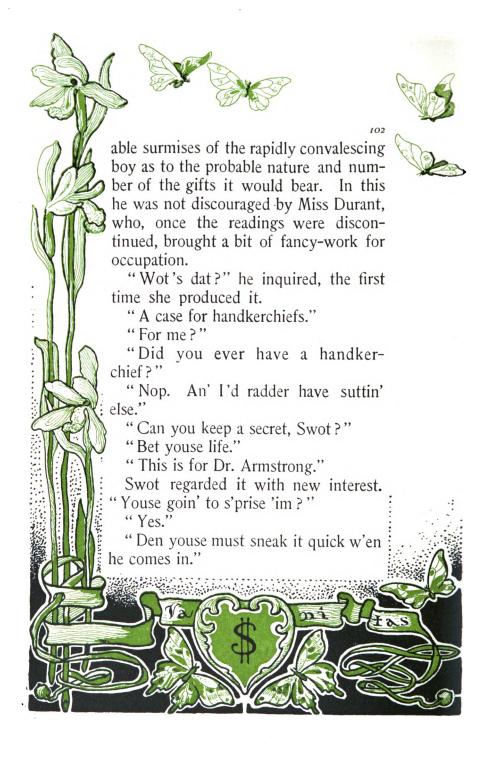


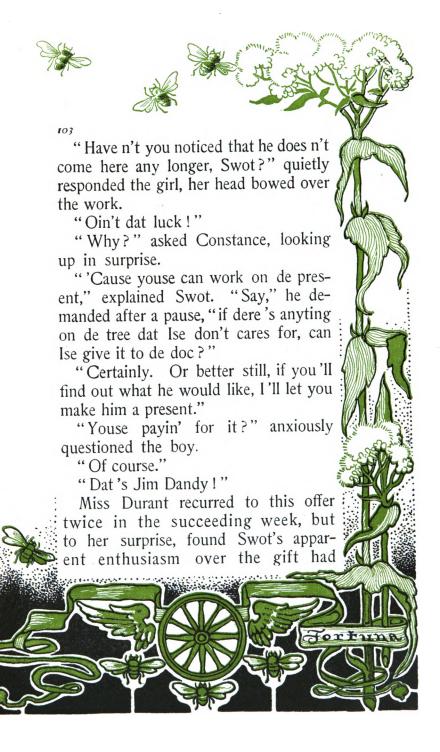


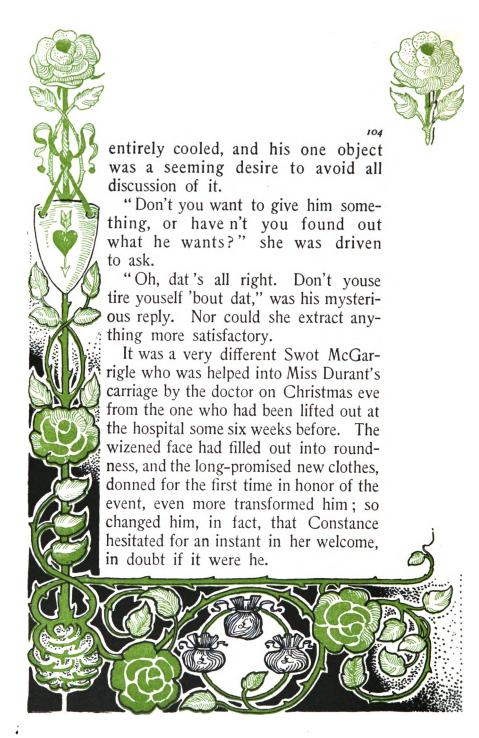












<sup>&</sup>quot;The two were quickly seated on the floor."

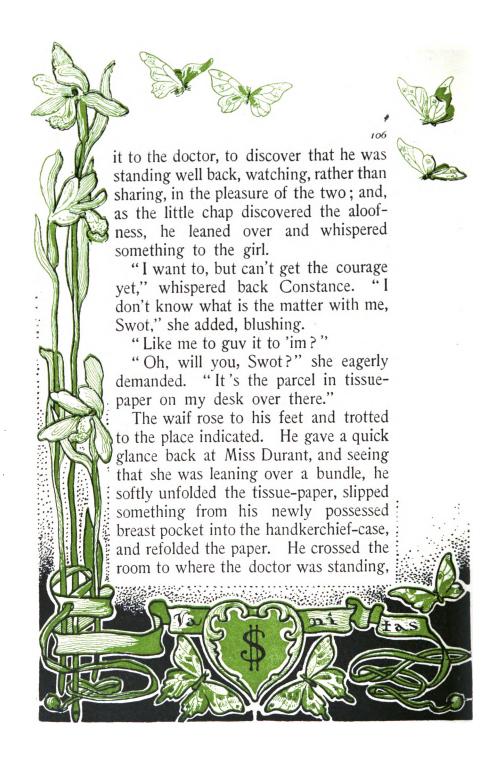


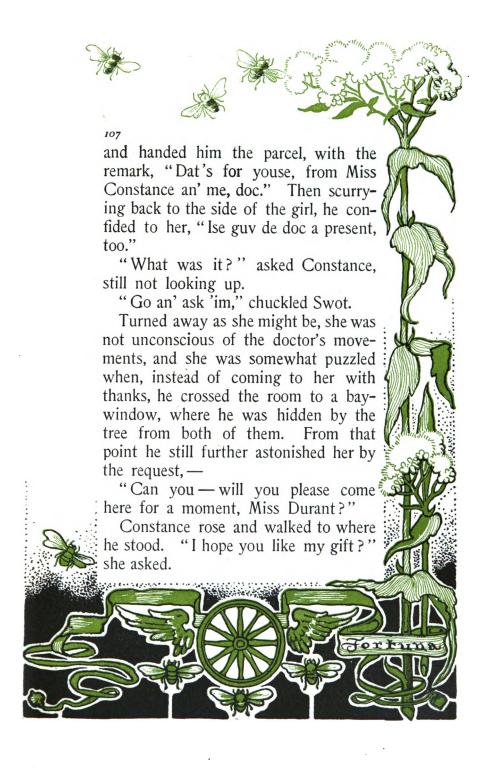
Howard Chandler Christy 1900

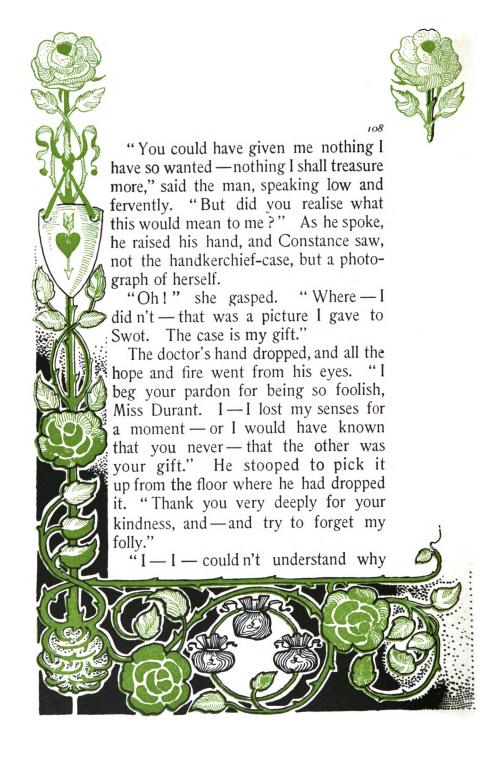


"I have the tree in my own room, because I wanted all the fun to ourselves," she explained, as she led the way upstairs, "and downstairs we should almost certainly be interrupted by callers, or something. But before you go, Dr. Armstrong, I want you to meet my family, and of course they all want to see Swot."

It was not a large nor particularly brilliant tree, but to Swot it was everything that was beautiful. At first he was afraid to approach, but after a little Constance persuaded him into a walk around it, and finally tempted him, by an artful mention of what was in one of the larger packages at the base, to treat it more familiarly. Once the ice was broken, the two were quickly seated on the floor, Constance cutting strings, and Swot giving shouts of delight at each new treasure. Presently, in especial joy over some prize, the boy turned to show









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Swot suddenly — why he — I never dreamed of his doing it," faltered the girl.

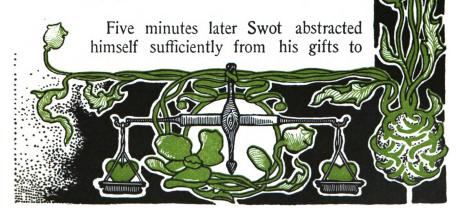
"His and my knowledge of social conventions are about on a par," responded the man, with a set look to his mouth. "Shall I give it back to him or to you?"

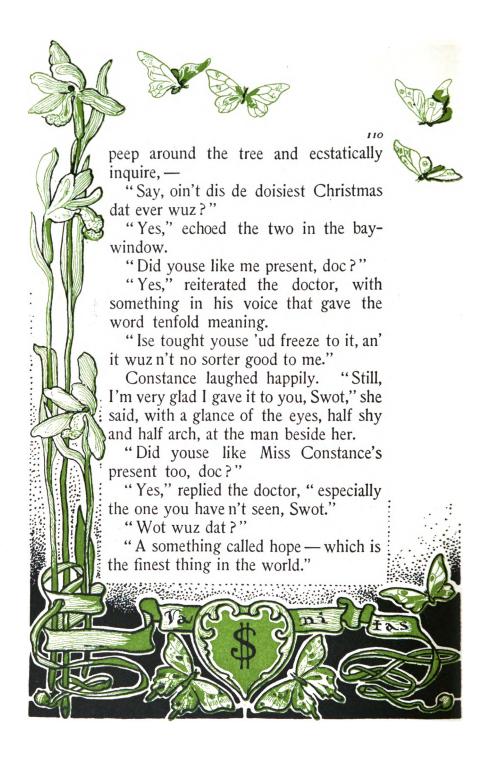
Constance drew a deep breath. "It was n't — my — gift — but — but — I don't mind your keeping it if you wish."

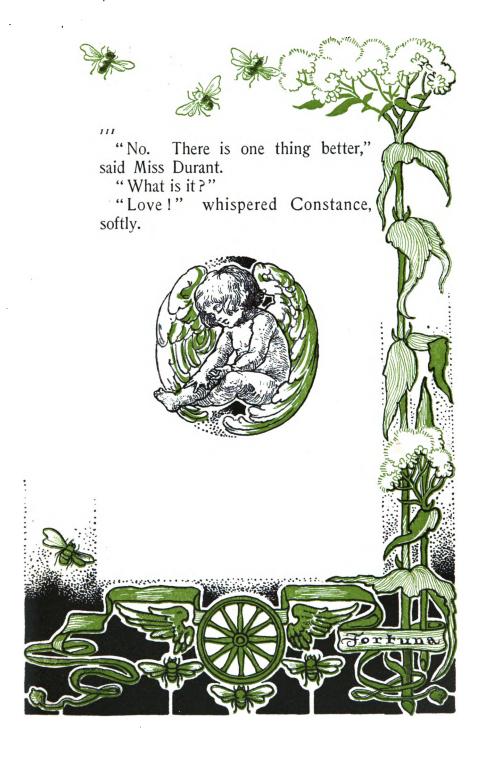
"You mean —?" cried Dr. Armstrong, incredulously.

"Oh," said the girl, hurriedly, "is n't that enough, now? Please, oh, please—wait—for a little."

The doctor caught her hand and kissed it. "Till death, if you ask it!" he said.







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